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TWENTY YEARS AGO;

A STORY OF REAL LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

CHAPTER III.

A RAGGED TRAVELLER.

NEAR sunset of the third day of July, 185-, a horse drawing a light buggy containing two men crossed the little bridge at the foot of Buntingville. The two men descended from the vehicle, and the horse toiled up the ascent, dragging his light burden with considerable difficulty. The driver and proprietor of the equipage was a rosy-faced, short, and plain young man, apparently under twenty, though really about twenty-five. The cheerful face and light step showed a jovial youth, whose principal care was to enjoy life, and who succeeded perfectly in his ambition. The evening was warm, and horse and men were covered with perspiration when they reached the summit.

Stopping to rest, the young driver laughingly recounted to his companion the battles that had rendered the hill famous, making so ludicrous a picture of the discomfitures of successive supervisors as to kindle a smile on the

face of his melancholy companion. This person was apparently about thirty-five years of age. Slender to the verge of frailness, he looked jaded and worn, as by long foot travel, and a small bundle in one hand and a stick in the other confirmed the impression. It was further evident that his young companion, with a kind of hospitality not too common anywhere, had picked him up on the road and given him a gratuitous ride into Buntingville. You saw at a glance that he was poor. His clothing was not shabby, but had that worn appearance which marks the first stage of the transit from respectable competence to sheer poverty.

His air and manner would have arrested attention in a crowd. The eyes were blue, and sparkled with intellectual activity. The features were regular, the brow high and broad, the hair brown, and the complexion fair. Had he been worth twenty thousand dollars, all the ladies would have worshipped him as a blonde archangel; as he was poor, they contented themselves with saying, "What an interesting face!"

Having descanted to his heart's content, the young man said to the traveler:

"That is the People's Hotel. I think you had better stop there. The 'Buntingville,' where I hang up, is a little more expensive, and between ourselves a little unpopular down here in the city."

"Thank you for your kind advice, and once more for this ride into town."

"Oh, do n't speak of it. It's cursed lonesome riding alone on these prairies. Your tongue is none of the nimblest, but that is all the better for a rattlepate like me. I should have had the blues perfectly horrid if I had n't you to talk to. But there's the 'Squire.'"

And in fact, at this moment the form of the great landlord rolled out of the door of his bar-room and took an attitude on the platform in front of the hotel.

"I'll speak to him. See here, 'Squire, here is Mr. Brackett, a friend of mine, who wants to settle in Buntingville. Take him in to-night, and if you can do him a good turn in getting him into business, mind, you will do me a good turn."

The 'Squire surveyed his new customer critically, and after a discreet pause said, with a quiet leer at the young man:

"I do n't reckon, Bill, that he wants to go into the money lending business, eh?"

"Oh, no! At least not just yet. The fact is, he is a blacksmith, and I think we need another shop. Buntingville is growing, you know, 'Squire?"

"You're joking as usual, Bill. There is too little beef in that package for a blacksmith. I took him for a school-master. Look out, Simpson, that you do n't get foul of the school board, eh?"

"Well! well! He shall do his own talking." And turning to Brackett, who was supposed to be out of hearing of the conversation—even country social life has its little duplicities—Bill Simpson said:

"Mr. Brackett, here is 'Squire Fence, landlord here. He knows all about

Buntingville, and will post you up generally."

So saying, he mounted his buggy and drove on to the Buntingville Hotel in the North End.

"Well, Mr. Brackett, what can I do for you?" said the portly 'Squire, in a patronizing tone.

"For to-night, a little supper and a good deal of sleep. To-morrow we will talk about business."

"You look as though a bed would be good for you. A little tired, eh? Here, Jim, you black rascal, give the gentleman some supper, and then show him to No. Ten. Lively now, Dandy!"

"Sartin, Massa, allus lively," said the black, with a most perfect contradiction of the statement in his face and movements.

Weary as he was, Brackett could not avoid a feeling of interest in this strange uncouth being, who seemed so out of place in an attempt at civilized society. But for the unmistakable characteristics that revealed his foreign derivation, he might have seemed a relic of the retreating order of things, a consort of wild beasts, a rough rendering of the mythic Faun who projected himself into early Roman civilization out of the illimitable and unknown Past which it displaced. He seemed a spontaneous product of nature, a creature with resemblances to other races, but no strict affinities. The tone of his voice seemed burdened by an undertone of wildness which suggested wastes that human foot had never trod, where the savage voices of nature's merciless children are forever heard; where linnet, robin, and thrush flee away, or sit silent and fearful, or fly solemn and slow, waiting till their redeemer, man, shall unloose their tongues to praise. His movements had an indefinable resemblance to those of forest beasts. Without being conscious of comparing him to any one animal, the acute observer saw the pervading characteristics of all. He was not lion, tiger, wolf, or bear, but he had the manner of a new beast, showing their common qualities, and possessed

of an idiosyncrasy that was indescribable because it seemed an utterly new type in nature.

Hungry as he was, Brackett found himself with his supper untasted, regarding attentively this *bizarre* product of humanity. The black sat with his back half turned to the traveller, his eyes wide open, but apparently seeing nothing; his ears seemed to stand forward like those of a dog in a listening attitude, but he did not seem to listen. Stupidity and watchfulness were both suggested by his manner: whether the stupidity were a mask, or the watchfulness a habit preserved from old years of servitude, it would have been impossible to tell.

How long his scrutiny of the black endured, Brackett never knew. Nor could he have distinguished whether pity, or fear, or pure curiosity, moved him. Nor at the end did he know whether to sympathize with Dandy Jim as a fellow unfortunate, or to shun him as a dangerous brute.

Brackett started at last as if waking from a trance, and turned to his supper. It was cold now; perhaps it had never been warm. It was curious that the black started at the same time, and coming forward with a slow, swinging motion, said:

"Praps Massa don't like the supper?"

Brackett hardly knew whether this creature was to be talked to like a man or repelled like a serpent. This confusion cost him a moment of silence, during which the black neither moved nor seemed to await a response. Brackett's notions of propriety relieved him from his dilemma. A respectful question deserves a respectful answer.

"I dare say the supper is well enough, but to tell the truth I have not yet tried it. Suppose you bring me a warm cup of tea. This seems to be cold."

"Yis, Massa." And he slouched away to do his errand.

A strict materialist would find in the nature of Brackett's dreams that night a positive proof of the indigestible character of the supper. Perhaps he would

add to this that the traveller had eaten too much and gone to bed too soon thereafter. But how came this Dandy Jim to pervade these dreams in a thousand shapes of wildness and fearfulness, grotesqueness and quaintness? Brackett had not eaten Dandy Jim? Perhaps he had. Certainly his brain was fuller of the strange servant than his stomach of the supper. Certainly mythology has no creature midway between man and beast, fiction no creature too naturally unnatural in its portraiture of the base products of civilization, that did not for dream centuries possess the empire of his soul.

Now, mounted upon Simpson's black horse, he careered like a centaur, bearing down straight upon a prostrate and unarmed Brackett. Anon, in more fearful guise, he seemed a satyr; goat-footed and shaggy-skinned, he danced forward to offend Brackett's temperance principles by the offer of a brimming beaker of the wine that Bacchus had trodden out of the grape with a pair of cowhide boots, branded on their soles, "Wilson & Co., Pottsville, Conn." Then he changed sex, and was a gorgon with tresses of red serpents, with boar-tusk teeth, and the form draped in a dirty calico dress; and without turning him to stone, seemed to vanish from his sight. So the shape changed, and came and went on the stage of the traveller's dream, and he rolled in his slumber, and neither waked nor slept. He seemed at last to try to wake, but a demoniac Quilp was pressing his knees into his breast and holding him down. This shape seemed to pass, to be followed by an intense heat and a steam of burning lime, and he was lying on the hot stones in a lime pit and old Orlick waved a huge stone hammer over his head.

And so horrid shapes went and came, burned him, beat him, choked him, threatened him, and seemed to bind, torture, and to be just about to kill him through ages of suffering. Each of these shapes had some resemblance to Dandy Jim, — indeed, seemed to be

Dandy Jim, ever changing and yet never new to the dreamer's consciousness. He slept more quietly at last, and night settled on the landscape of his mind; but it was a turbid night, seeming ever about to break into storm and tempest.

Let us admit with the materialist, that the supper, late eaten and soon slept upon, was the superinducing cause of all this horrid dreaming. Let us admit that the clatter of the stomach at its work would not suffer the brain to rest; or that foul currents of blood rolled turbidly through its tissues; still we shall need to add mind endowed with memory that reproduced the black under the half-human or inhuman forms with which the traveller's reading had furnished that memory. Simpson's black horse, Madame Fence's red hair and calico dress, a pair of boots in the store with the brand of a Connecticut shoemaker, and many another object seen that day, united themselves to Dandy Jim and to older recollections, changing the high tragedy into low comedy.

Leaving him to his slumbers, let us see who John Brackett is, and what he is to do in this frontier village. We need hardly say that he is seeking his fortune in the West. The reader has surmised that already. He is a man thirty-five years of age, a blacksmith by trade, poor but honest. That sentence would be long enough for the history of most of his fellow men. Few would care to know so much of most of their fellows; and to be wholly frank, though this man is my hero, I must admit that so much of eulogy as this was never written of him, even in the history of Oakville County, in the State of Shawnee.

And yet he has a story which, to himself and a few other souls, the author among them, has vastly more interest than that of Colonel Jones, who is the chief figure in the Oakville history. I venture to say more. That history professes to deal with naked facts and simple truth. This story claims to be only a novel; but I believe that it contains more facts and more truth than the his-

tory. The reason is simple. The history was written to compliment a half dozen personages who govern the county on the principles of Buntingville, "Who comes first shall bear rule." To make it a profitable piece of flattery, the painter uses a big brush, and a great many persons are painted out of all recognition by their friends. With an eye to the main purpose, everything that could possibly interest posterity is carefully excluded, and all the littleness of the little grandees is diffused over pages that become dreary as a desert, for a similar reason — nothingness.

John Brackett had entered the world, thirty-five years before his advent at Buntingville, without the permission of society. His parents sinned, and he made his first appearance in the census reports under the head of illegitimate. Society was wronged, and was not unjustly offended. It affixed to the boy certain names that gentle eyes ought not to see, that gentle ears should never hear.

The boy grew up a frail, melancholy child, who from his earliest years seemed to catch the meaning of the epithets launched at him by lads more fortunately born.

A maiden aunt took the place of those parents from whom Death had generously relieved the child. Yes, generously—for the father was a drunkard and the mother infamous. This aunt thought it needful for the health of the child's soul that he should be kept in remembrance of the stain on his cradle, nor did she mingle gentleness with her lessons, or affection with her government. The sin of his parents attached itself to his consciousness, an ever-present sense of shame; to his conscience, a sleepless sense of guilt.

The New England village that saw his unauthorized birth, regarded it with the greater indignation that it was the only exception to virtuous law. In new diseases the patient often sinks under the measures of the physician; so startling sins find Christian communities unprovided with just remedies, and pro-



voke them to harsh disciplines. The village of M—— was a model of virtuous propriety; on the head of the boy fell the blow of avenging justice. He sat apart at school, and was unwelcome on the playground. A thousand little neglects and advices sealed on his conscience the conviction that he was personally guilty in his parents' crime. He happily found a friend in the village schoolmaster, who, even at the risk of being reproached as an advocate of licentiousness, pleaded for the child. Such dialogues as the following were not uncommon:

*Society:* What business has this creature in the world? Who gave him a right to life? He entered by fraud; let him take the most menial place.

*Schoolmaster:* Ah! But the boy has not sinned. Look at that innocent face! The body had not man's permission to be; but God pitied and put a soul there. Who knows but that soul may be as pure, as worthy of its Maker, as your own children's?

*Society:* We must protect ourselves. Our sons and daughters must learn that guilt carries an earthly hell with it. We must punish, or by lenity sin may thrive. The shame we affix to this child may save a hundred maidens from shame.

*Schoolmaster:* But whence derive you the right to punish one innocent soul to save others from becoming sinful? Are human sacrifices lawful? You cannot be justified in slaughtering this innocent to save a million maidens from shame. Besides, it would be a work of supererogation. Your daughters are already doubly mailed in their own virtue.

*Society:* We live and die for each other. The pangs that rob the maternal cheek of its roses bloom in the cheeks of the daughters. The One Strong and Mighty bore the sins of a whole world.

*Schoolmaster:* Fallacious. Living and dying for each other is made virtuous and honorable only by personal choice. He who suffers without his consent is always in some sort a menial

and a slave. The One Strong and Mighty laid down His own life. "*No man taketh it from me.*" This child is not consulted in his sufferings. You have given him no right to choose. You are not Christian but Pagan.

*Society:* You cannot convince us that the instinct is at fault which makes us shrink from contact with such people.

*Schoolmaster:* Are we authorized to shrink from that which reminds us of vice? It is not to be supposed that even Howard found the air of loathsome prisons wholesome. He had a clean and virtuous sense which made vice and filth to him as they are to you. We are given to understand that He who could not suffer corruption, found contact with men so disagreeable that the brotherhood with us was a profound humiliation. Vice must always be disagreeable to the virtuous, most disagreeable to the most virtuous, but this sense of repulsion is restrained by the Christian notion of duty, made sacred by an inimitable example.

*Society:* But these people seldom come to good. A corrupt tree brings forth but bitter fruit.

*Schoolmaster:* You flatter your judgment and justify your harshness by the evil characters of the children of the evil. Look to it that you do not put a life of crime and shame nearest to the little one's feet, that you do not make it most flowery to his sight, most difficult for him to shun. Look to it that the better path be not awfully hedged up, denuded of charms, put distant and inaccessible. Remember that the holy mystery of soul-birth is close-locked in the hand of God, and speak low and reverently. No flippancy of corrupt trees will suffice you. When the children of the guilty have as virtuous culture as others, and not sooner, can we unclasp the Divine Hand and read the awful secret of our beginning.

*Society:* Surely these people should have a harder probation than others.

*Schoolmaster:* No. Not a harder probation: for it cannot be right to bind the heaviest burden on the weakest

back. What such persons want is not probation—a putting on trial—but care and culture. The world does not seem to get on with its idea of putting all the weak ones to probate. We must get up to the Christian idea of culture.

The little Brackett persisted in falsifying the evil prophecies that drew his horoscope. Two opposite influences worked out his salvation. The evil boys of the village—every village has a few—prided themselves on purer blood, and made their companionship painful to the conscience-smitten child. On the other hand, the wise charity of the schoolmaster led him into better paths, and filled his young intelligence with generous ambitions.

His aunt bound him at twelve years of age to a blacksmith of the village, and sent him from a house that had never been home, with a pious admonition to be a good boy and remember how bad his parents had been.

The boy's life occupation, thus selected for him, was the one most unfitted for his bodily nature. He was weak, slender, and puny by constitution; and no amount of anvil exercise can make those members strong which God has made weak. Judicious exercise of his limbs might have made life comfortable to him by bringing them up to their highest possible tone; but the close shop, the long days of ceaseless work, the overtasking, and super-added the cruelty of a hard master, rapidly made matters worse.

He must have gone out of the world speedily, to the hearty content of all his virtuous betters, if the schoolmaster, who took a strange interest in the boy, had not by kindness and advice stimulated him to exertion. He said, "Make yourself perfect in the higher and nicer branches of your trade, and your master will employ you on them from interest." The boy followed the advice by using all his leisure in a noble effort to improve, which soon attracted his master's attention and procured him relief from the severer labors of the shop.

The schoolmaster now loaned him

books, and stimulated him to their study. A boy without companions, his evenings were devoted to his books, and, as the years rolled on, he widened and lengthened his knowledge, until at twenty-five he had a more liberal education than many college-bred young men, and he was in his art the best workman that the village contained. The old schoolmaster had by this time gone to his grave, and left Brackett a choice library. Being now a master of his trade, he was able to add to his original store by purchase, and his humble room was gradually becoming the most literary place in the village.

The stain on his birth had not washed out, but he was a man of too much intelligence to be despised. He was in a sense tabooed from society. But his fellow men met him as an equal, and availed themselves of his information and services, without reminding him of his shame. His health, always weak, by judicious care was rendered sufficient for his labors and studies. He was living so quietly and was so unconscious, in his absorption in study and labor, of the old stain, that he might in time have outlived it altogether and triumphed over the fell philosophy of society by becoming a good man, without danger to the virtue of our daughters, and in spite of the ill-blood he had inherited, if Love had not entered his heart, at once to bless and to curse him.

The visual power of this passion surpasses all the wonders of the microscope. It discerns the minutest personal defect, the most trifling disadvantage in social position, the least possible variation from fashion in dress. The tiniest freckle, the least awryness in the twist of a moustache, the faintest show of obtrusiveness in a nose, grow into mountains of deformity under the self-inspection of Love.

If Love thus introverts the eye and magnifies its power, what must it have done for John Brackett, when he found himself in love? The stain that he had ceased to see in his quiet life, now

rose up a mountain in his path, a steep, dark, icy, vast mountain, and the loved one was beyond it. It was too large to level, too high to scale, too vast to pass around. He was here; she there. They lived in different worlds. In different worlds must they live and die. A genuine love has ever an element of despair. The true lover, like the lover of Sophronice,

"Desires much, hopes little, and asks nothing,"\*

through what seems an age of silent worship.

In a nature like John Brackett's there was not needed any exterior aid to induce this self-distrust and little-hoping. What then was his despair when the barrier of his birth rose black and impenetrable between him and his ideal? The shadows of melancholy gathered and deepened over him. Life had but one sun, and that did not shine for him.

Somebody has taught us that Love thrives by what it feeds upon; but Love thrives best on what is denied it. When the impossible looks beautiful, Heaven! how the soul aspires, burns, mounts! So Brackett's love grew and filled his being and ruled his manhood. Never was more desire, less hope, or asking further from the thought. This love was little fed, but it was abundantly tortured. Suffice us now that one of its results was Brackett's emigration to Buntingville.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A NEW SHOP.

Before Brackett was sound asleep, all Buntingville knew of his arrival. The most utter inconsequence cannot escape importance in an isolated village of three hundred inhabitants. Even a ragged traveller created a sensation in Buntingville. Besides, Brackett had been brought to town by the darling young banker, who had been heard to

call him "my friend." What a field for gossip that expression opened! Was he a poor relation of the banker's? Was he a man the banker had skinned? Was it possible he could be nothing but a roadside acquaintance?

Nobody went to bed that night without being thoroughly satisfied that there was something very mysterious about this John Brackett, who called himself a blacksmith, looked decidedly like a schoolmaster, and was certainly too puny for the trade he professed. The inquisitiveness of an Austrian or Italian police to know the name, birth-place, business, and age of a traveller, and if he happens to die, the name of his father, his mother's name before his father married her, and an endless catalogue of equally pertinent questions, is nothing to the anxiety of Buntingville on these and like subjects of interest in the case of John Brackett.

'Squire Fence, who generally got all these facts for the benefit of his fellow citizens, was obliged to admit his ignorance. When Brackett made his appearance on the platform of the hotel next morning, he was an object of more interest than he had ever been before in his life.

The 'Squire, who was bent on making amends for his neglect the night before, spent half an hour in fruitless pumping, which was so delicately parried as to mitigate his sense of defeat. His guest was more anxious for information than he, and soon led the 'Squire into a conversation of the prospects of a new blacksmith's shop in the town. He readily admitted that he thought they needed a new one, and that it would succeed. Brackett proposed a partnership, the landlord to furnish the capital, and he the labor and management. After a little consideration and discussion with his neighbors, the landlord accepted the offer, which was greatly to his advantage, and preparations began the same day. In a week our traveller found himself a citizen of Buntingville, installed in an improvised shanty, with a bright new anvil and

\*Brama assai, poco spera e nulla chiede.—Tasso.

bellows, and a promise of plenty of work before him.

In a few days more, the front of this shanty was adorned with a new sign, on which was painted in large characters the following:

*Fence, and, Brackett*

There were figures at the flanks of the title of the new firm, designed to represent horse shoes, and the neighboring farmers were expected to collect from it that Fence and Brackett shod horses. As to the commas separating the important *and* from too intimate fellowship with the names it was designed to couple, I can only say that provincial sign-painters hold and believe that each important word in a sign should be followed by at least a comma. "Of what use are pepper and salt, if you do n't put them in your food?" Invincible logic, certainly. A sturdy debate arose when the sign was brought to the shop by its proud author. Brackett boldly attacked the commas, and insisted on their expulsion; but he was finally defeated by the argument set down above.

So the blacksmith accepted the sign, saying to himself that it was folly to run a tilt with ignorance and stupidity. This wisdom would make the fortune of many a more favored man, whose passion for correcting popular stupidities has defeated his ends. If a man proposes to fight with fist or brain for an obvious absurdity, be sure you will lose the fight if you accept the glove. There are ninety-nine chances in a hundred that his fist is heavier than yours, if you resort to that *argumentum ad hominem*, and that his skull is hopelessly dense if you take it out in words. There are many men who know how to use wisdom, but rare few who know how to treat ignorance.

Moreover, if the contest about the sign had gone on, it must have been referred to the mighty 'Squire; and his decision was indicated the same evening in the store by the wise remark that he thought the commas looked very

well in the sign. "Besides," said he, "strangers might suppose we Buntingvilles did not know there were such things as commas, if they did not see them in our signs." That patriotic argument must have fired the Buntingville heart, and perhaps lost Brackett his new place.

The *sign* was the promise of harvest to the new shop. The *old* one, venerable with the soot of eighteen months, claimed, like all other Buntingville institutions, the rights of antiquity. It held conservative views, and was shocked at radical novelties; but it had no sign, and especially lacked the illustrious name of Fence in its Co. The bright lettering and commaing of the big sign dazzled the imagination of the farmer who rode into town to look after the shoeing of his team, and six months credit being allowed, Brackett found plenty of work. Working on six months time might have been worse than idleness for him, but that the 'Squire boarded him in the hotel, and replenished his scanty wardrobe from the store.

The only relief for souls like his is found in activity. Happily his habits of industry and his sense of duty conspired with the necessities of his position to urge him to honest toil. It is worth while to note these breakwaters to the ocean of despair that nature has erected in her noblest children. The heart of Rachel weeping for her children would burst with agonizing grief, if other tender ties or religious convictions did not call it to duty, and prepare it for the ministry of hope. We complain in pain, and are atheistic in sorrow; but Divine goodness is nowhere else so conspicuous as on the gloomy side of life. When a great light departing leaves the mind in darkness, the sky is set with lesser lights that cheer the traveller on his journey through the night. Brackett's unexpected good fortune had struck out a gleam of hope in the gloom through which he was passing, and new scenes and interests united with old habits and moralities to press him onward in his new path.

The people soon found that little was to be learned about his previous habits and life, and even country gossip dies of inanition when it can find absolutely nothing to feed upon. The new citizen took his place among them, and rendered himself useful in a thousand ways outside of his calling. In a new community there is usually a lack of men who see all sides, feel impartially, and can therefore become blessed as peace-makers. There is often lack, too, of men who know without pretension, and work without egotism. Brackett was an unseen, almost unfelt, force in Buntingville. That is to say, his influence moulded others without their being conscious of it, helped them out of little straits without their knowing their deliverer, and so stole into their esteem and regard without apparent desire or effort. He seldom opened a conversation, never took the lead in it, confined himself to listening and learning others' opinions, and on contested points kept his own.

Silence is often the best passport to a wise man's good opinion: how much more to that of a fool or a dullard? Not that all Buntingville people were either fools or dullards, but the village had, as all others, a respectable per cent. of respectable noodles, with dull ears and long tongues. And, as sometimes happens in more favored communities, this class did all the surface work of society, and held the reins of public opinion. Among such characters, a positive man will be in a perpetual turmoil and strife, unless he have that large common sense which suggests apparent ignorance when it is folly to be wise.

Brackett won the confidence of these people by what seemed a negation of himself. He often said when alone, "These people do not esteem me for what I am, but for what I am not and seem to be." This was not quite true; for the influence of his positive self was constantly flowing in upon the community and shaping it. And surely it is a negative virtue turned positive

that enables a man to hold his tongue when speech is idle or worse.

The ordinary notice of a positive character is not a little erroneous. One who combats every prejudice with every weapon, disregards all proprieties and conveniences of time, place, and means, and always has his mouth open and his ears shut, often gets repute as a positive man, where he is only a fool.

Many a man, too, fritters himself away in noisy and thin speech. What words of power are dissipated by these blabbing tongues! An age hopelessly given to talk waits for leaders who know how to keep silence. Buntingville found a leading force in this blacksmith whose noisy hammer proclaimed him, as our deeds, reader, should proclaim us.

This power in the community was necessarily an uncertain tenure. A great clamor of interest could at any moment destroy it. No character or work or reputation will serve a man who puts himself athwart the spirit of his age. So, to illustrate small things by great, an open war with Buntingville interest or prejudice would at any moment have left Brackett as naked as he entered the village.

Sturdily refraining from mixing in the village brawls, the blacksmith listened, and learned the people by heart. It was not a great lesson, but it was before him, and he studied it wisely.

In a few months, his expanded shanty, and the subordinate who performed the heavier duties of the shop, showed that the enterprise was a success. At first Brackett's health had bent under the severe application needful to his position; but now his lighter toils, better befitting his natural strength, and the bracing air of prairie landscapes, revived his drooping vigor, and gave him promise of healthful days to come.

Let us not forget that this prosperity of a nameless man was partly due to that genuine democracy which prevails on the prairies. To an Old World Liberal, a gentleman is always a gentleman, a laborer always a laborer; and the

former ever betrays his consciousness of the distinction, and is never quite willing to consent to the breakdown of social caste, and the free play of the elective affinities, and the free sweep of the strongest brain. Even in the older East of our own country, the same feeling, inherited from the Old World, has perpetuated itself to some extent in the nabob form of nobilities. But on the prairies, humanity slips the fetters of this social despotism, and men stand more nearly on the level of their worth. True, there is a surface agitation where noise rules; but beneath the true force works freely. And even in this surface clamor there is no hint of caste exclusiveness, but oftentimes a bad application of its reverse.

Here a gentleman of God's making is not unmade by the necessity of constant toil. Whatever faults border society may have—and they are many—this is its brightest merit. The prairies have witnessed the perfect flowering of democracy. The first remove from the Old World left us half-emanipated from its social fictions. In New England we are growing out of them in successive generations, but the second remove to the wide West completed the social emancipation at once; and in our day the fastnesses of liberty and the rights of men are in the Western States.

The most learned traveller who met our blacksmith in Buntingville, recognized him as a peer of the realm of worth. His fine sense, his extensive information, and his sterling integrity were not in the least obscured by his soiled clothing and his hardened hands. So ought it to be; and so must it be, ere the Lord's prayer be answered in the coming of God's kingdom among men.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### A PENNILESS BANKER.

We left William Simpson in the street on his way to the up-town hotel, that

memorable evening when he brought John Brackett to town. If we had set ourselves to find him in the real Buntingville it might cost us a good deal of labor. For William was a careless dog who kept neither office hours, nor books, nor money, nor social proprieties. He was a wild, rollicking youth, full of health, careless of his money, and reckless of his own or other people's reputations. He had hosts of friends, and was set down by all careful mothers as a dangerous young man, though not a few of them courted his smiles for marriageable daughters. It was impossible to hate him, and many a pious soul, afflicted by his dashing sinfulness, and yet won to admiration by the dash of it, found it difficult even

"To hate the sin with all the heart,"

while he could not help loving the sinner. Certainly everybody liked him, while everybody had a vague notion that he was a very bad fellow. It would have been difficult to fasten upon him the charge of any very serious social offences. That is to say, so far as known, he had not wronged any man or any woman. Yet he unquestionably practised the self-debasing vices of profanity and tippling. These were bad enough; but Buntingville scandal often hinted a good deal more, which rested on no better proof than the possibilities of his character.

To John Brackett, who early studied him carefully, he was a painful subject of meditation. Here was a young man of boundless vitality, over whose wishes and passions neither reason nor law had ever exercised any marked control. It was too painfully evident that his future depended entirely on the direction and force of the currents of life and example into which he might be cast. His improvident habits exposed him to fearful temptations, against which his nature had no safeguards.

Simpson's father was a wealthy banker in a Massachusetts city. The boy had grown up in such society as chance and his tastes selected for him, without



parental care or control. The father was engrossed in making a fortune; the son was preparing himself to spend it. When the boy grew to be a young man his habits had become so loose and so publicly disgraceful, that the father, taking counsel of his own reputation, beginning to be scandalized, gave the boy a thousand dollars and told him to go west, reform, and get rich. A wave of accident had cast young Simpson on the hill where another wave of accident had located Buntingville. Here he wrote to his father, asking for successive remittances, which he received and spent as rapidly as possible. This soon exhausted the patience of his father, who refused to continue his subsidies. At this point the youth startled the old gentleman by asking a remittance of five thousand dollars to start a bank. He explained that money was worth forty per cent. on the best security, and promised if his request were granted to ask for no more remittances. In a fit of desperation the father sent the money, and the Bank of Buntingville was opened.

William soon loaned all his money. Nothing was easier in Buntingville than to loan; nothing more difficult than to borrow. After that the banker was left without business, except that of renewing the notes, oftentimes with the interest past and future included in the new notes. The notes grew; but Simpson was the poorest man in the town. By extraordinary self-denial and use of the law of credit, he forebore calls on his father for six months, and then resumed the old plan of living on remittances.

The father had one consolation. The money loaned was as safe from his son's hands as in his own strong box. Collection, except by the pleasant fiction of a new note, was simply impossible. There was a legal mode of collecting debts, but no sane man would adopt it, for it ended in the prosecutor's becoming the proprietor of certain taxable and unprofitable acres. It was always better to leave Smith or Jones to improve the farm under the pleasant de-

lusion that his crops would by-and-by pay off the principal and interest. The interest often outran the rise in lands and the improvements made by hard-handed early and late toil.

Forty-per-cent. interest is a beast that has devoured more victims than all the prairie fires and all the "redskins" between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. The fire lasts only for a few hours, the redskin sleeps by night or by day; but Forty-per-cent. eats incessantly, resting never a moment in his work of death. Even the vulture that devoured the vitals of Prometheus rested till a new liver should grow. Forty-per-cent. was never known to stop eating; when the liver gives out the next organ is attacked.

The rapid rise in lands was one reason for the great value of money. But this rise grew more out of a speculative than a real worth. Still, the rise compensated largely for the rate per cent. paid for the capital invested therein, and those who sold their speculative investments prior to 1857 often acquired fortunes on the slenderest actual capital. The crash of 1857 sent the price of lands down to their real value, and left them in their natural condition of unsalableness. That is to say, of ten buyers in the ten years before that period, nine were speculators, and but one wanted land for a farm. When nine out of the ten buyers disappeared from the market, the one buyer could not absorb the "farms for sale." Then the Forty-per-cents rioted in a wide-spread ruin of hard-handed toilers. Farmers were caught with heavy mortgages on lands purchased at high prices with borrowed capital, and often largely improved by the wasted labor of several years.

Simpson's money had gone into speculations of this sort. The farmer wanted the produce of his farm to buy stock or make improvements, and renewed notes were his only pay. The father sent out an agent every year to look over the papers, and his first report had been so favorable that twenty

thousand dollars more had been loaned in the same way. It requires but two and a half years to double a capital at forty per cent., and fifty thousand dollars in notes and mortgages were in Simpson's drawer in 1857. The avaricious old father began to look hopefully on his scapegrace son, and to boast to his friends that Bill had made twenty-five thousand dollars in the West.

After the crash of 1857, affairs had to be wound up. People suddenly discovered that Forty-per-cent. was a violator of law, and began to repudiate his claims under legal remedies. This pushed the profits down to zero. Then the failures and losses from insufficient securities and an unsound currency still further ate away the capital, and in 1860 the business was closing out with a prospect of yielding barely fifteen thousand dollars for the original twenty-five.

In this way both banker and farmer were ruined by Forty-per-cent. The first lost all of his interest and part of the capital; the second lost his labor and often a comfortable farm, mortgaged in order to buy more land.

Some extenuation for the farmer may be found on æsthetic principles. The fair expanses of virgin soil were so tempting to a farmer's eye. They wooed the rough pioneer at forty as a buxom damsel wooed him at twenty. Who could see her with the eyes of twenty and not covet the blossoming cheeks and the swelling bosom? Who could see this prairie, all ready for the plough, with the eyes of forty, and not covet the blossoming sward and undulating surface? For my part, a drive across these waiting gardens of the Lord always gives me a land fever. Happily, it is easily cured by the memory of certain ill-starred ventures in this fair enchantress's domain.

We have strayed away from Simpson's bank to the prairie, which, in full view from his office window, beckons us, not to a history of speculations upon its prospective value, but to a stroll and gambol on its flowery bosom.

If you are young, ask the dear one to stroll forth with you on the virgin sod, and while she gathers its strange, sweet children to deck withal her tresses, fairer to you than gold, let the mystic influences that such closeness to God brings about you weave your hearts together for the longer stroll of life. If you are old, no maiden's hand shall clasp yours; let it be a child's or a friend's. Or, if it please you, go alone to find the highest companionship in the divine thought that blossoms beneath you and breathes its uplifting spirit about you.

As we lift our eyes from the desk where Simpson is not, it seeks as a dove for a resting-place the green waste that tumbles and rolls outward to yon range of wooded heights. Half a mile away there is a group of frolickers. There are maidens and young men returning from a rude form of the baseball tournament, where the villagers have tried their muscles against the farmer-boys. Simpson is there; and one maiden, fairer than the rest, is with him. John Brackett, who stands beside us, heaves a sigh.

"John, you incorrigible old bachelor, can't you see the joys of the young without envy? When you were young! You know, John, we must not forget!"

"I have little to forget in that direction, and I do not envy; but Lilly Jones is too fair a flower to be trampled out like a prairie buttercup. She has no earthly dower but her beauty, and I sometimes fear Heaven cursed her in that gift."

"You impious dog! And is it not a triumph for her that Simpson's eyes find her beautiful?"

"You do not remember that she has no mother or sister, and Simpson has — only impulses."

"Well, one would think it a good impulse that set him to love sweet Lilly."

"Yes, happy for him if she were his wife; but — there are other impulses — and you know Simpson is not strong. God keep the girl!"

*D. H. Wheeler.*

## ABOUT VESUVIUS.

I DOUBT whether there is any object in nature which is more interesting or more reverend than Vesuvius. Yet one in whom the æsthetic element strongly predominates might prefer Cotopaxi, whose colossal cone is described by Humboldt as peerlessly regular, and beautifully silvered over with snow. The timid and the exquisite might prefer the microscopic Corrao, only twelve feet high,\* which arose from the sea between Sicily and Carthage in the July of 1831. Though the dainty thing evanished within three months, it was honored with as many as seven different names. An ambitious man might elect the Chilian Aconcagua, whose lofty head jostles the stars. An energetic man would find sympathy in the unparalleled activity of the Andean Sangay. An industrious man would find something after his heart in the venerable Stromboli, that great weathercock and lighthouse of the Mediterranean, which has been glowing and flaring incessantly since the age of Homer. A conservative would urge the claims of the volcano Ischia, whose fires once slumbered profoundly for seventeen centuries. An impatient radical might choose Monte Nuovo, which arose on the margin of the old Luerine Lake in the September of 1538. In one night and two days the eruption wrought a hill four hundred and forty feet high and a mile and a half in circumference. On the morning of the third day the inhabitants of Tripergola scaled the extinguisher of their little town, and beheld stones boiling up in the crater like water in a caldron. A hifalutinous fellow might consistently indicate an affinity for the gaseous craters at Quito; an irascible person might recognize kindred in the Icelandic geysers; while a copperhead's

affections would swarm around the mud volcanoes of Java. The curious might find excellent interest in the Mexican Jorullo, which arose suddenly from the plain in the summer of 1759. This amazing eccentricity consists of five major-generals of volcanoes, together with thousands upon thousands of little slender cones of eruption from six to nine feet high.

But while the eminent attractions of all these volcanoes are promptly conceded, I cannot but esteem the Italian Vesuvius still more interesting.

In the first place, Vesuvius is the crowning feature of the most beautiful scenery in the world. You may know something, perhaps, of the loveliness of the Italian landscape, how it smiles, and languishes, and ravishes all the senses; something you may know of those pictorial hills and valleys, all dreamy as moonlight, and voluptuous as the golden Indian summer; something of the bloom of that tranquil sea, whose gentle waves of green and purple are crested with purest snow; something of those matchless skies in which gold and orange, rose and amethyst, silver and cerulean are so sweetly and enchantingly blended; something of those funny groves of cabbage-headed mulberry trees, the blue-green plantations of olives, vineyards purpling the far-reaching distance with magnificent clusters; and, finally, the grandeur of domed cathedrals, the noble elegance of colonnaded basilicas, the picturesqueness and solemnity of templed ruins, the pealing bells and chanting choirs of hill-crowning monasteries, and the sunny villas spangling the hill-sides and imparadised amid groves, orchards, flowers, statues and fountains. Is it not much that Vesuvius should be the natural sovereign of the Italian landscape?

\* Before its disappearance, however, it had risen to one hundred and eighty feet. Another name of this comet-like phenomenon has been Graham Island.

"Where Beauty all her breast unveils  
And Music pours out all her skill."

A second reason for giving Vesuvius the precedence among volcanoes resides in the fact that his history is intimately associated with the career of some of the most illustrious and powerful characters the world has ever seen. Is not Italia the classic home of Jove and Diana, Venus and Apollo, Romulus and Pater Æneas; the august theatre of all the mighty Cæsars; the bloody arena of Garibadi, Spartacus—immortal rebel; and the foremost man of all the world, great Caius Julius; the rostrum of Hortensius and the all-persuasive Tully; the unimpeachable divan of Cato and Cavour; the pontifical see of Innocent III. and Gregory VII.; the missionary field of St. Paul and St. Peter; the thinking-shop of Galileo and Columbus; the Parnassian haunt of Virgil and Horace, Dante, Petrarch, and Alfieri; the melodious bower of Paganini, Catalani, Rössini, and Donizetti; the resplendent studio of Raphael and Michel Angelo, Titian, DaVinci, and Correggio? Is it not much that Vesuvius should so long have adorned

"That bright clime of battle and of song;"

and should have ministered to the culture, instruction, and delight of so many puissant and brilliant personages—

"Dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns?"

A third reason for maintaining the preëminence of Vesuvius resides in his excelling symmetry and grace of form; he might be the painter's ideal mountain.

Our fourth reason is derived from the history of Vesuvius. Those harsh grumbling lips, four thousand feet above us, are forever relating a tremendous story—each utterance as heavy, grim, and slow

"As a rolled syllable of midnight thunder."

Vesuvius heralded his first terrific visitation by sixteen years of prophetic earthquakes. One of his enterprising demonstrations in 1631 hurled back the waters of the Mediterranean half a mile from the shore; and presently the whole

region was inundated with torrents of boiling rain. In A. D. 79, Vesuvius buried Pompeii and Herculaneum with ashes, pumice, and mud. The monster opened graves for forty thousand souls in 1306. Sometimes he belches forth vast bales of smoke of three times his own dimensions; and again his ashes whiten sea and shore for hundreds of miles,—nay, they have visited the tombs of the Pharaohs and the Holy Sepulchre. Sometimes he emits vast quantities of scorice, red-hot stones, and masses of lava, twelve yards in diameter; and again (1767) he pours forth streams of lava a mile or two in width and from sixty to seventy feet deep. Sir William Hamilton counted, in 1793, fifteen fiery fountains playing all at once, all in a direct line, only a mile and a half long. On an August night (1779) Vesuvius has thrown up a stupendous column of fire twelve thousand feet high. Immediately he gathers a black cloud of vapor and ashes, frightfully surcharged with electricity, and launches it towards Naples. It sails slowly on, and eclipses the sky—rattling windows, ringing bells, kindling the brush-wood on the hill-tops, and striking down men and beasts with thunderbolts. Presently the theatres of Naples are unpeopled, and the multitudes, panic-stricken, rush screaming to their churches.

Imagine yourself, gentle reader, to have been my travelling companion on the 25th of September, 1860. At Pompeii, six miles from Herculaneum, ten miles from Naples, our guide is heavily freighted with bread and eggs and wine. Seven miles of volcanic ashes must be deeply scored with footprints ere the chapel bells toll six.

The first hour your path lies in the shade of vineyards, and you regale yourself with the delicious clusters; but during the second hour only here and there a solitary weed waves above the iron-gray desolation,—until presently vegetation disappears, and we come to the cone. Very steep is that cone, and most fatiguing the ascent.

Stalwart men are waiting there, who propose to put a strap around you and give you a long and strong pull heavenward for only a dollar. Refuse them, refresh yourself with enlivening wine, gird up your loins, and press on. Forty-five minutes of tugging and slumping and panting will admit you to Vesuvian glory. "*Courage! courage!*" shouts the guide (with a Gallic accent,) and at length you tread on solid lava. Ha! see the powdered brimstone scattered around! More than this, you observe that sulphur-fumes are rising from all the crevices. And now, as you climb that conical manticule on the lip of the northern crater, see those two Englishmen who just arrived; they are turning back with pale faces and whispered words of terror. They do not want their adventures dignified by too much danger.

Breathe a moment, and survey the prospect. Before you is the crescent Bay of Naples, the most enchanting water-scenery in the world. At your right is the semi-circular escarpment of La Somma. Naples basks on the northern shore. Close by is Capodimonte with its three-storied catacombs. Beyond the city is the Grotto of Posilipo, and above the grotto is the Tomb of Virgil. Farther on are Baia, Cumae, Lake Avernus, the Isle of Ischia. At your feet lies Herculaneum, upon whose heart press heavily the town of Portici, the town of Resina, and fifteen fathoms of volcanic mud, ashes, and lava, the products of as many as seven grand eruptions. Toward the south-southeast (three hours distant) lies Pompeii, once the favorite resort of emperors and nobles, orators, authors, and artists. Here was the home of Seneca and the occasional residence of Cicero; (it was here that he wrote his *De Officiis*.) To-day the city lies under three fathoms of ashes and scoræ, and its only inhabitants are lizards and donkeys. A quarter of the place, however, perhaps a third of it, has been unburied. Away towards the south is Sorrento, and in the blue distance, the Isle of Capri.

But we must on. Direct your steps towards "Heaven's Kitchen"—(you remark the singular inappropriateness of the name!)—an aperture in the lava whence issues a heat so intense as to kindle paper instantly. On that infernal hearth your eggs are roasted; and while you partake of an unearthly repast, you are kept in perpetual motion by the preternatural heat of the ashes and lava underneath. You drink to the joy of your distant loves, the memory of Washington, the health of the Italian patriots, and the prosperity of the Italian revolution. The last brace of sentiments kindles the enthusiasm of your guide, and is supported by loud and prolonged shouts of "*Viva Garibaldi! Viva Victor Emanuel!*"

It is night. You proceed to the crater at a point where you may propitiously inspect its hideous throat, and gaze upon the bright reflection of volcanic flame. The beetling point upon which you stand is deeply intersected with fissures, and you cannot resist the impression that some one of the tumultuous proceedings underneath may disengage your foothold and precipitate its American contents into unfathomable fire. Satan, in Bailey's "*Festus*," complains that

"The road to hell wants mending."

You are sure he did not mean this one. The dismal column of smoky steam is perpetually ascending; the nethermost abyss is all ablaze with inextinguishable fire; peal after peal of subterranean thunder comes rattling and roaring from this mouth of hell so dreadfully as to make the everlasting hills to tremble; and yet you are quivering with delight.

Passing on, you enter a region where the sulphur fumes are so dense as almost to suffocate you. Weeping and choking and wondering what will be the end of these things, you at length emerge from the horrid cloud. Proceeding a few steps, you turn sharply round a bold promontory of lava, and stand face to face with a vibrating and pulsating wall

of material fire, which seems verily to be some infernal monster, instinct with life and breath and motion. Every fibre of your being trembles with excitement; and turning away in fear and

awe, you lift your eyes adoringly to the great Jehovah, of whom it is so sublimely and beautifully written: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke!"

*Myron A. Munson.*

## WHEN DID THE HUMAN RACE BEGIN?—II.

WE turn to archæology. The records of its discoveries are full of the marvellous. They startle and fascinate like the bold creations of an Oriental romance. A rapid review of a few of its leading facts must, however, at present suffice.

A stranger travelling in the south of England would imagine, as he cast his eye over Salisbury Plain, that he saw a flock of sheep quietly feeding in the distant meadow; but on nearer approach those "gray wethers," as they have been called, turn into monstrous blocks of stone, one hundred and forty in number, weighing from twelve to seventy tons, and arranged in two widely-sweeping circles. It is claimed that they were lying there, thus scattered and storm-beaten, nineteen centuries ago, when Julius Cæsar landed his legions on the coast, as much of a mystery then as now. On some of them, sharp angles, mortices, and tenons can still be traced. It is generally conceded that these are relics of a vast temple. At Abury are still older ruins of a far more imposing edifice. Indeed, twenty-eight acres are believed to have been covered by it when in its completed state. Diligent search has been made, and made in vain, for the lost quarries which those primeval builders selected with a wisdom and worked with a skill that not only challenge our admiration but excite our wonder. How those immense rocks were blasted from their bed, dressed into shape, transported over the country, and finally lifted into

their places on the wall, baffles conjecture. There are evidences that the roof of the temple was conical and rested on central supports, its architecture widely differing from anything Greek or Roman. Similar stone circles have been traced across the entire continent, even into the very heart of India. In the secluded regions of Abyssinia this style continues in use at the present day. It is held that the Temple of Dagon at Gaza, against whose middle pillars blind Samson leaned in his last feat of strength, over eleven hundred years before the Christian era, was constructed mainly on the principle of a Gothic chapter house.

There have also been discovered in the near neighborhood of these Druidic circle very mysterious stone sepulchres, consisting of four rough slabs, three vertical, the fourth horizontal and resting upon them. The skeletons within were uniformly in a kneeling posture, a custom unknown to any of the monotheistic races. No regard seems to have been paid to the points of the compass. The graves of Jews, we know, are directed towards Jerusalem, of the Mohammedans towards Mecca, and of the Christians towards the sunrising. The mounds of earth that originally covered them, frosts and storms have long since torn away. This people, in so securely and reverently burying their dead, have in most touching terms told us of their firm faith in the other life. These "cromlechs" can also be traced, as can the stone circles, back to the very banks of the Euphrates.



In the presence of such facts the question forces itself upon us, was the time, twenty-three and a half centuries, usually estimated to have elapsed between the flood and the Roman invasion, long enough for a single family to have so multiplied as to have compelled the East, burdened with its teeming millions, to drive out swarm after swarm until far-off Britain throbs with its life; then this new life to grow up into so compact a people, and to develop such civilized social wants and sources of wealth as to turn Britain's best quarries of stone into temples of worship; then, after all that, to waste away into such complete extinction in a past so remote that even at Caesar's coming not a living soul, not a vague tradition afloat among the barbarous Celts, not even a single name, nothing but a few weather-beaten blocks of stone are left to tell the story of their stay?

We have already alluded to a race of mound-builders that overspread the central portions of North America in some unknown era. They occupied the region lying between the Alleghanies, the Rocky Mountains, the Great Lakes, and the Gulf. The ruins of their works exist in immense number. Twelve thousand have been counted in Ohio alone. Some of them form walls of defence four times as high as a man and miles in length. They are strengthened and rendered serviceable by every manner of military device. Others constitute extensive enclosures of various and most exact geometric figures, containing earth-images of birds and beasts of prey, or vast truncated pyramids designed for purposes of sacrifice or of burial. From one of the latter, located near Newark, Ohio, fifteen hundred wagon-loads of stones have been taken. The styles of the mounds vary in different localities. In the region of Ohio, squares and circles prevail; of Wisconsin, animal forms; and of Tennessee, parallelograms. In the States about the Gulf, terraced pyramids, artificial lakes, and imposing avenues meet the eye. In Missouri and Arkansas,

their nature and position clearly indicate the abandoned sites of towns and cities. These mounds, by their great number, their wide distribution, their magnitude, their peculiar character, and the highly-wrought relics of ornament and use they have been found to contain, unmistakably point to dense masses of people, extensive agricultural enterprises, settled forms of government, and a most remarkable advance in the arts and sciences. As we have previously stated, the fact that forests are growing above them, possessing such a variety of trees, and trees of such great age that unless closely scrutinized they would be pronounced primeval, and the further fact that, without exception, they avoid the present lower river terraces, and in many instances have been undermined by streams whose beds now lie a mile away, impress us with the belief that many thousands of years must have elapsed since this immense tidal wave of human life swept over the American continent. But these earth-works, scattered so extensively, constitute but a small part of the ruins found here of former civilizations. Ancient mining shafts have been uncovered in the Lake Superior country. A half ton mass of pure copper, disengaged from the rock by fire and mounted on skids, has been found under fifteen feet of soil on which stands a forest whose trees show the growth-marks of centuries. The Pueblos of New Mexico, whose walls of bright-colored pebbles sandwiched between slabs of gray sandstone appear from a distance like brilliant mosaic, are immense three and four-story structures, under some single one of whose extensive roofs the inhabitants of an entire village could find convenient shelter. They occupy deserted districts. Some assert that their history is wholly lost; others, that they mark the site of that Aztlan of the North mysteriously alluded to as an ancient fatherland in the traditions of the Aztecs. The more cautious, and undoubtedly more correct, maintain that they were built by

the ancestors of those strange, half-civilized Indians still occupying that territory. Where they came from, or when they entered the country, none know.

Cortes did well to dismantle his ships and burn them behind him at the opening of his famed campaign, for his followers were soon to see sights suited to cause the bravest of them to draw back with terror. He had not been long upon the march when suddenly across his path rose up six miles of solid masonry, twenty feet thick and nine feet high, flanked by mountains and broken only by a narrow gateway guarded by fierce Tlascalans. But by valor and intrigue they passed the wall and pushed their way to the capital. The glowing accounts they afterward carried back to Europe of the civilization which their mad greed for gold had terminated in blood, though little credited at the time, have since been abundantly confirmed by archaeologists. The fields were well tilled. The inhabitants were clad in cloth. Water was carried in aqueducts of hewn stone that spanned chasms and wound about the bases of the hills. The Mexican metropolis, reached only by artificial causeways, seemed afloat in the lake, upheld by some spell of enchantment. Its streets were lined with canals, and the canals were alive with barges. Pyramidal god-houses appeared with strange frequency among its stone business blocks and private residences, their terraced sides ornamented by skilled sculptors with hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs, and their towering summits crowned with altar fires that flared like meteors through the night down its empty avenues. Forty thousand pyramids are estimated to have been standing at this time within the bounds of the Empire, twelve thousand within the precincts of the capital. Of these, the one with the most attractive surroundings was perhaps the Temple of Mexitli, a structure of vast proportions, standing in a square paved with polished stone and enclosed by a wall covered with sculp-

tured serpents. About it clustered forty smaller temples, interspersed with gardens, fountains, ponds, and priests' houses, with room remaining for ten thousand people to assemble inside the gates at times of religious festival. That of Cholula is perhaps the largest still standing. It boasts a much broader base than any in Egypt, and reaches a height of two hundred feet. Its crest, now dismantled, once supported an altar and an idol. The idol, an image of the air, held a shield elaborately engraved, and a sceptre set with diamonds. It wore upon its head a plumed mitre, and about its neck and from its ears ornaments of gold and of turquoise shells. That of Papantla, in the vicinity of Vera Cruz, bears closest resemblance to the pyramids of Egypt. It is built of massive blocks laid in mortar. It has a square base, and as it rises it presents an outline of rare symmetry. A dense forest has grown up about it since it was abandoned, so that its existence was a secret, known only to the Indians, until two centuries since, when some hunters strayed where it was and told the world of it. Greatly as these pyramids astonish us and set us questioning, the aqueducts, the calendar stone, and the bound volumes of "picture writing," equally excite our wonder. A word on each. The aqueduct of Chapultepec rested on nearly a thousand arches; that of Cempoalla crossed on a bridge half a mile long and over one hundred feet high. The calendar stone was cut from a single block, weighing thirty-three tons in its finished state, and found lying full thirty miles from its native quarry, having in some unknown way been transported over a rough country, intersected in many places by natural and artificial water-courses. On its face were displayed in hieroglyphics accurate measurements of time, the signs of the zodiac, the motions of the planets, and a true explanation of the cause of eclipses. The bound manuscripts were of cotton cloth, agave paper, or stag skins sewed into continuous strips, in some instances

seventy feet long and from two to three feet wide, folded together in squares and attached at their ends to thin boards that served as protecting covers. The three styles of hieroglyphics found on Egyptian tombs and temples were all employed on their pages, the representative, the symbolic, and the phonetic, although the first, which is the lowest, was preferred. The last is but a step removed from the alphabet. There were great quantities of these manuscripts at the time of the Spanish invasion, but the conquerors, in their catholic zeal to extirpate superstition, seized and burnt them wherever found, mistaking them for books of magic. A few escaped. From these, and from floating traditions, we learn that the Aztecs were comparatively modern occupants of the valley, the Toltecs, a people of far higher culture and wider knowledge of the arts, having preceded them. Of these, a few sparse communities still remained, and it was here the Aztecs acquired what they knew of gardening, the smelting of metals, architecture, astronomy, and picture writing, although proving but indifferent learners, as appears from the fact that the more imposing of the public works, and, judging from what were saved, the more valuable of the public archives found by the Spaniards, were of Toltec origin. It is still a puzzle with the antiquaries how so much stone cutting was accomplished with soft bronze tools, or how such ponderous masses were mined and moved without gunpowder, machinery, or beasts of burden. Before the Toltecs came the Colhuas, the bearded white men of tradition. Their more southern empire centred about Yucatan. Humboldt seemed inclined to the opinion that they were originally from the East, their ships dropping anchor in the harbors of the New World in a past antedating even the rise of the Chinese, or the Hindoo races of ancient Asia. The stately ruins of over half a hundred of their cities have been found in the heart of the forests. Their history had already passed into tradition,

and well nigh passed out of it, before Cortes landed his forces on the Mexican coast.

Walk down their deserted streets, and far above you, on either side, you will see finely finished palaces and temples, resting upon the tops of immense truncated pyramids, their massive walls in places still standing ninety feet above their high foundations, their *façades* stretching out two and three hundred, elaborately carved with hieroglyphics whose meanings are yet sealed secrets. Climb the staircases that lead up the sides of the pyramids, enter the open doorways of those veritable castles in the air, and you will find yourselves within one of the most unique art galleries in the world. Here, rich mouldings and arabesques wrought into many a quaint device with consummate skill, will meet your eye; there, pictures twenty-five feet wide and from ten to fifteen high, cut into the polished faces of the accurately fitted stones, will introduce you to the battle-fields, the gardens, and the domestic hearths of some mysterious Long Ago. Through Copan and neighboring cities you will also encounter colossal monoliths twenty and even thirty feet high, scattered in great profusion, having long since fallen from their pedestals in the areas, on the stairs, and about the open courts of the palaces.

Peru, as the Spaniards saw it four centuries ago, with its extensive aqueducts, its paved post-roads fifteen hundred miles long, its beautiful hanging gardens that reached far up the terraced slopes of the mountains to the frost-line, the Oriental magnificence of its royal palaces and temples of worship, the pages of Prescott have made familiar to every English reader. Pizarro found the whole valley firmly cemented under one of the most complete despotisms known to history. The Incas were the reigning family. Their real origin they studiously concealed from the people, proudly claiming to be children of the sun, to have come from the South, and to have

founded Cuzco by direction of the gods, made known through the miraculous sinking of a golden wedge. Some authors assert that there is evidence that they accurately measured the solar year, knew how to write, and made paper from banana leaves, eighteen hundred years before the Christian era. Others place the commencement of their dynasty at a much later date. Their consummate skill in the art of embalming and their scrupulous care thus to preserve the bodies of their dead, the peculiar inclination they uniformly gave the lintels of their doors, many of the ceremonies of their worship and the customs of their social life, strongly suggest that possibly Egypt may have been their school-master in some of the forgotten centuries.

At the southern extremity of Peru, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, there may be seen to-day an artificial mound one hundred feet high, surrounded by gigantic angular pillars, temples six to twelve hundred feet long, fronting the east with great exactness, vast porticoes with pillars cut from single stones, covered with carved symbols, basaltic statues adorned with half Egyptian bas-reliefs, and palaces built of hewn blocks measuring twenty-one feet by twelve, and six feet in thickness. The ruins throughout are of gigantic proportions, and surpass both in grandeur and finish any of the works of the Incas, or even the imposing structures hid among the forests of Yucatan. All knowledge of the origin of the city had so completely perished out of the memories of the natives, and the ruins were held by them in such superstitious reverence because of their extreme antiquity, that the politic Incas saw it both possible and profitable to connect themselves with them by what to us is a wholly improbable myth. The opinion now generally prevails that the city was abandoned before the first stone had been laid in the foundations of Palenque, Qiriqua, Uxmas, or Copan.

From these and other kindred facts which we have not space to detail, it appears that in some long-gone era the entire Western world was densely peopled by civilized races. The many striking resemblances which the colossal ruins of their earth and stone works bear to those found on the sands of Egypt and among the mountains of Hindostan, have led Humboldt and many writers since seriously to question whether they were not all fashioned from a common model, the American builders carrying with them to their new home the architectural conceptions and standards of taste that at the time held sway in the old. Against this conclusion it has been urged that the mounds on the Mississippi, the teocallis in Mexico, and the temple-crowned pyramids of Yucatan, merely mark a particular stage in religious development; that they are such spontaneous products of the human mind that nations wholly ignorant of each other's existence, and living in widely different eras, would, if similarly advanced in religious life, resort to similar architectural expressions of their ideas and aspirations. Mountains, it is claimed, have ever been favorite places of worship, and when, not easy of access, the inspiration of their presence has become so deeply missed, Art has promptly stepped in with her imitations. The Hindoo pantheon was on the sacred mount Meru, many studied transcripts of which were scattered throughout India, and called its peaks; the Persian was on Albordj; the Greek on Olympus; the Scandinavian on Asgard; while Ararat, Horeb, Sinai, Zion, and Olivet, are intimately associated with the Christian's faith. This objection has strength, and perhaps would prove fatal were not the resemblance alluded to but one of many, among which may be mentioned that of sun-worship, with orphic and phallic accompaniments, serpent devices, hieroglyphics, extensive astronomical knowledge, the practice of embalming, and sundry social customs of the peo

ple. Humboldt's surmise is further sustained by some quite remarkable traditions. In the Panathenæa, one of the very oldest of the Greek festivals, there is celebrated among other things an Athenian victory over the inhabitants of Atlantis, an island in the Atlantic counted so vast and so powerful as to be looked upon as the crowned queen of the sea. Solon heard a mythical story concerning this same land from the Egyptians while visiting them over twenty-four centuries ago. All connection with it by them, and indeed by the entire East, had, even at that early day, so long since ceased that not only had the fact of its former existence become traditional, but it was thought that the waves were then rolling over the place where it once stood. Plato, who wrote in the fifth century before Christ, also describes Atlantis, and in doing so has, as De Bourbourg tells us, recorded many peculiar features of the country and the government that are strikingly analogous to those of the Empire of Xibalba, to whose stately ruins in Yucatan we have briefly referred. It can hardly be counted a coincidence that Atlantis is spoken of as divided into ten kingdoms, ruled by five couples of twin brothers, who together formed a national tribunal presided over by the eldest two, and that Xibalba was in fact, as has been found, governed by ten kings who reigned in couples under Hun Came and Vukub Came, and who at times also met in grand council. Both were exceedingly fertile, both rich in precious ores, both visited by some wide-spread calamity, both possessed in common the name of Atlas.

The full significance of these ancient American civilizations will more clearly appear when seen in the light of other facts.

Five miles from Bombay harbor, two rock-hills lift their heads out of the waves. The valley between them is heavily wooded, with here and there a rice-field, a meadow, and an Indian

hut to tell of human life. Many years ago, when English sailors first visited the island, there was a black stone statue of an elephant thirteen feet long standing on the southern shore, and from this circumstance it received the name of Elephanta, by which it is known to us to-day. Clambering half way up the side of one of the hills, we stand at the entrance of a vast temple cut in the solid rock. Its doorway is sixty feet wide and eighteen high, supported by two massive pillars and two pilasters. Looking within, long lines of columns stretch away into the darkness before us. The audience-room on measurement proved to be one hundred and twenty-three feet broad by one hundred and thirty long. Many chambers open from its sides, their walls covered with sculptured mythological symbols. At its farther end is a bust, each of whose three well-shaped heads is sixty feet long. The hand of one of the figures clasps the deadly Cobra de Capello. Various works of the chisel are scattered through the apartment. Similar excavations are met with on other sides of the same hill. We are wonder-struck at the magnitude of the enterprise and the architectural skill of the builders, when we are told that the hill is of clay porphyry so hard that ordinary steel makes little or no impression on it. These ancient fanes are all deserted now. Who cut them out, or at what time their congregations last broke up, dwellers on the shore are as ignorant as we. The most celebrated of these mysterious caverns are, however, at Ellora, a decayed town in Central India. Here some twenty-two of them are cut into the inner slope of a horse-shoe-shaped hill. They are ranged in a circuit a mile and a quarter in length. The largest, called Kailasa, or Paradise, is thought to have represented the court of the god Siva. Inside its door a covered colonnade adorned with strange statuary conducts to a chapel supported by two mammoth elephants, and by two

obelisks sixty feet high. Beyond the chapel a pagoda rises at the centre of the room ninety-five feet from its foundations, guarded on every side by the couchant forms of the fierce beasts of prey that infest the jungles of Hindostan. Farther still, lesser temples similarly adorned are scattered through the ample space. Forty-two colossal idols, each the centre of a group, stand within the central building, forming the Grand Pantheon of India.

It is believed, and with much reason, that these remarkable excavations were made in an age so remote that since their day the Sanskrit language has entered the country, developed into vast proportions, supplanted the old Vedic tongue in the sanctuary, on the street, and at the home-circle, and finally has died out of the mouths of the common people, to live only in the pages of their literature; that since then Brahmanism has overthrown Siva-worship, has itself been overthrown after countless centuries of caste-cruelties by Buddhism, a form of religious protest that also in its turn, after reigning upwards of a thousand years, has been forced to give way before the so-called modern Brahmanism, which, compounded of the three religions that preceded it, has for a period quite as long been the ruling faith of upwards of three hundred million people.

These caverns have been used by different sects at different times, principally the Buddhists, who have cut inscriptions and reliefs on the walls, and set up their own idols within them. This circumstance has misled many as to their origin and age. We cannot enter now into the proofs of their extreme antiquity, but there is evidence on record that immediately after the death of Sakhya-Muni, one of the founders of Buddhism, the one who first gave it system and state-standing, his disciples used them as assembling-places, and there compiled the sacred writings of their sect, showing that they existed at the time of

or prior to the establishment of that form of faith. There is evidence that they were most numerous in India far away from the banks of the Ganges, where Buddhism had its rise; that they existed in districts where the people were black and savage, and Buddhism was unknown; that, with but few exceptions, they were consecrated to Siva-worship, the most ancient system of religion in India, from which Hindoo Saivism was born, and must have been built, being works of such stupendous magnitude, before Buddhism became the state religion of Magadha and monopolized governmental resources. Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes, the best authority on the subject, says: "There is not anywhere a rock-temple excavation dedicated to Brahma or Vishnu." Siva was not a Vedic god, is not mentioned in the Rig-Veda, the oldest of the Brahminical compilations, and belonged undoubtedly to the anti-Sanskrit people of the country. The Indo-Arians simply incorporated him afterward into their worship, because they could thereby strengthen themselves. It was to this Siva that these wonderful monuments of human industry and skill were originally dedicated. Similar constructions, Ramises the Great, of Egypt, found in Nubia thirty-three centuries ago. Their origin was a mystery then. He covered their walls with the records of his conquests.

We see sun and serpent worship in the images of Siva clasping in their hands the Cobra de Capello, in the many symbols cut on the walls of the temples, and in the Cyclopean fanes and stone circles scattered in every province.

There is not a country in the East that does not abound in ruins of kindred character, but we must pass them by with only a glance at one or two of the more noticeable features of those in Egypt.

Although scores of authors have by their detailed descriptions long since stripped these ruins of almost every



vestige of novelty, yet their colossal magnitude, their wonderful displays of power, the vast lapse of time they cover, the bold, grand thoughts and boundless resources of their builders, still gift them with a resistless fascination.

Who of us, in his fancies, does not still frequently look into the tranquil face of that mysterious Sphinx, and dream of those far-off times when, in that sand-hidden temple, between its spreading paws, sacrifices were offered by its many willing worshippers? Who does not climb the staircases of the pyramids, and, as his eye falls on that lonely plain, whose empty desolation is relieved only by a few shapeless heaps of stone that mark the long lost site of Memphis, call back the city's brilliant reign of thirty centuries before Alexandria plucked off its crown, and, in fulfilment of Bible prophecy, left it without an inhabitant? Who does not go down with his lighted torch into the hearts of the honey-combed hills, into those wonderful picture palaces cut in the rock, in whose grand saloons, enriched with fresco and relief, depicting scenes in the lives of the sleepers, the embalmed bodies of the dead have been so long waiting in their sarcophagi of alabaster, for the souls that went out from them to come again, after the cycles of their transmigration are ended? Who does not enter the open portal of the temple of Karnac, revel in the architectural glories of its porticos, with their shafts and roofs of stone, wander through the avenue of brute and human-headed sphinxes, that leads to Luxor, a mile and a half away, pass by the red granite obelisks, the gigantic statues, the pyramidal towers, the sculptured gateway, the lofty colonnade, till the southern limit of the vast area is reached, and Art's vast thought realized?

The naked mountain ranges that follow the course of the Nile, furnished the ancient Egyptians, in lieu of timber, exhaustless quarries of granite,

sandstone and syenite, in the working of which they very soon acquired a remarkable skill; the equally exhaustless fertility of the valley securing them at once abundant leisure and a fabulous wealth, to lavish in this direction. While their architecture presented a symmetry well nigh without fault, permanency and magnitude were undoubtedly the chief ends aimed. Their brains brought forth Titans, and these they sought to clothe in the enduring garments of rock. The stupendous structures which they scattered through the valley in such profusion, they literally covered with hieroglyphical records of their religious and political history; and firmly believing that their bodies would live again, they made palaces of their tombs, and adorned their walls with scenic and written reminiscences of their private life. The lines on these strange record books are still distinct, except where they have been defaced by war or modern vandalism, for the hand of time rests lightly in regions that never know rain nor feel frost. And now, ages after this people are dead, and the language of their literature has passed from men's memories, there occurs the romance of the Rosetta Stone. The secrets of the monuments are unsealed. A sudden light flashes in among the shadows of fifty centuries. The several princes of Egypt are found to have been united into one monarchy, under Menes, as far back at least as twenty-seven hundred years before the Christian era. Bunsen places his reign in the thirty-seventh, and Lepsius in the thirty-ninth before, and they are the most eminent German Egyptologists; while native and Greek authorities carry it still farther into the past. The more moderate figures of Mr. Poole, of the British Museum, are perhaps the safer, as he has with much painstaking reconciled the different fragmentary and full lists of dynasties given on the tablets found at Thebes and Abydos, with those in the works of Manetho. He has also discovered the luni-solar

cycle on the ceiling of the Memnonium, used in connection with the reign of the second king of the twelfth dynasty, and that of the last of the twenty-sixth, thus making it possible, by astronomical calculation, to fix these reigns with comparative accuracy, at the beginning of the twentieth and of the fifth century before Christ. A panygyrical year, or year of festivals, and other ancient Egyptian divisions of time, he has also ferreted out and brought into use in his estimates. He has furthermore satisfactorily shown that many of the dynasties were contemporaneous, thus materially shortening the time. But even with his calculations we find Egypt a consolidated monarchy, capable of building the vast city of Memphis, founding Thebes, and with consummate engineering skill turning with a dyke the course of the Nile, seven hundred years prior to Abraham's visit. And since Menes, three hundred years had scarcely passed before the pyramids appeared on the plain, placed and fashioned with such precision that scientific computations can be safely based on their line of shadow, and of such massive and firm masonry that they have stood intact till now, and seem destined so to stand till the world burns. The very oldest of the temple-tombs known, those of Beni Hassan on the Lower Nile, are models of mathematical exactness, architectural symmetry, and fine finish. They are evidently the work of master artists. Indeed, as far back as archaeologists have been able to penetrate, they have found dense masses of people, organized labor, a settled government, a profound knowledge of the mechanic and fine arts, an acquaintance with letters, even advanced notions of science. Beyond Menes, clouds of myth and fable have settled about the centuries. All that there is left us of value is a single tradition, that the first emigrants poured into the Nile from the east. Their nationality and the date of their coming are matters about which men still widely differ.

We are, however, safe in saying that many hundreds of years must have elapsed between this handful of adventurers and the afterwards million-peopled monarchy of Menes.

We had designed to consider our theme from three other standpoints — man's primal condition, the development of race, and the growth of language; but this we must at present defer. A word or two in conclusion, on some of the new views taken of Bible chronology.

Although geological time-estimates are, as we have remarked, necessarily indefinite, yet the impression is daily gaining ground in scientific circles, that the changes effected in the earth's crust since man came, require very many more centuries than the sixty supposed to be given in the Bible narrative; while the twenty-three and a half between the Flood and Christ are, by ruins still extant of past civilizations, most positively proved by far too few. Those of Egypt, for example, we know, call for at least thirty, and Egypt is supposed to be younger than India, and both but colonial offspring of some still older people. The extensive study given to developments of language and of race, has also profoundly impressed scholars with the necessity of a very much longer period, to adequately account for phenomena thus brought to light. This seeming conflict between science and Revelation has been variously accounted for. None of the theories advanced are fully free from fault, yet none are without suggestions of value.

It is found that the Septuagint version dates the flood eight hundred years farther back than the Hebrew, the one we use; that its different statements harmonize with themselves, while ours do not; that it was used by Paul in his Epistles, and that it is a translation of a much older manuscript. But the discovery of so great an error in one or the other naturally leads us to distrust the chronological accuracy of both. Some maintain that the whole

trouble arises from false interpretations; that Moses did not design to give family genealogies; that names which seem to be those of individuals, are doubtless in many instances names of tribes; and that from these occasional breaks in the chain it has become impossible to compute the time from Adam to Abraham. In this connection, the suggestion has been thrown out, that the events have transpired in the order recorded, but as Moses was aiming solely at portraying God's providences, he selected only typical men and times, designedly dropping out of his narrative whatever was not especially fitted to advance his purpose. And in this same connection, a hope has been expressed that the translation of the Bible into Arabic may result in unravelling the mystery that still shrouds Oriental methods of writing history.

A third theory is, that the first chapter of Genesis refers in general terms to the creation of Pre-Adamites, and that an indefinite period intervenes between that and the chapter following. It is thought that, had not the world been thus peopled, Cain would never have expressed fear that men would kill him should he be banished from home. It is thought, too, that otherwise it would have been impossible for him to have found either mechanics to build his cities, or families to inhabit them, or for him to have married, except out of the circle of his own sisters. It is also surmised that this interpretation throws light on that difficult passage in which "daughters of men" are spoken of as marrying the "sons of God," "sons of God" being rendered servants of gods, idolaters, the Pre-Adamites.

A still further theory is, that allegory and history are so intimately inter-

woven, that it is utterly useless to attempt to separate them. Another, and the last we will mention, is that our difficulties come from confused notions of interpretation and revelation; that so long as we hold to plenary inspiration, the questions of time will be but one of the many problems that will hopelessly perplex the thought and try the faith of believers; that Bible writers were all of them divinely inspired men, but were something more than mere passive amanuenses; that they retained the free use of every faculty, introducing into their books their individual peculiarities of literary style and of mental temperament, that revelation extended only to the moral and religious aspects of their themes, they being left to their own imperfections, their own limited human learning, when matters of simple history or science entered in. This class of thinkers contend that the moment we lose sight of these two distinctions, our footing becomes insecure. Still, it would be difficult for them to explain what some one has called "Moses' inspiration of reticence," his complete avoidance of that species of extravagance into which every other cosmogonist has fatally fallen. It is certainly not a little remarkable, that at every new advance in scientific investigation, new meanings have been ingeniously wrung out of these first chapters, suited to each new exigency.

While these many widely differing notions witness to the confusion in which this whole subject is yet involved, they also show some reconciliation possible, and encourage Christians to still hold firm their confidence, and with patience wait.

W. W. Kinsley.

## LADY BURDETT COUTTS.

**A**T Highgate, that suburb on the Northern Height of London, about which the Howitts, brother and sister, have written so often and so well, there is situated, in its own grounds, the plain and rather quaint old mansion of the late Duchess of St. Albans. It is now the property, and for a portion of every year the residence, of a lady, famous for her wealth, her piety, her extensive benevolence, and her uncommon good judgment in the distribution of her charities. Her hand is to be seen in almost every charitable work in England and its dependencies. She has erected dwelling-houses for the laboring classes and market-buildings for the poor,—has built churches in needy rural districts and established bishoprics in the colonies,—has sent and is supporting missions to the heathen, and inaugurated and sustains the most useful archaeological enterprise of the age—perhaps the most successful of any age—the Palestine Exploration. No woman under the rank of a Queen ever did so much for the Church of England: had she done it for the Catholic Church she would undoubtedly be canonized as St. Angela. This lady, recently ennobled as Lady Burdett Coutts, was born at the house of her father, Sir Francis Burdett, in Westminster, April 14, 1814, and received as her baptismal name Angela Georgina Burdett. Upon coming, strangely enough, to her vast inheritance in 1837, she added the name of Coutts, according to the conditions prescribed in the bequest. She possesses, of course, at her present age of fifty-eight, no claims to personal beauty, and probably never did. Twenty-one years ago, at the age of thirty-seven, when the charms of English women are in their maturity, she appeared to the writer to be a very unattractive person,—plain in features,

ungraceful in movements, wanting dignity of presence, thin in flesh, and dowdyish in dress. Neither is she a gifted or a clever, though a well educated, person. She has not fine eyes, nor a pleasant smile, nor an agreeable voice. And yet, lacking all these charms of womanhood, Lady Burdett Coutts, simply by the force of an admirably balanced character, into which sincere piety has been infused, has so managed her vast wealth as to produce the impression upon the minds not only of those who best know the manner of its distribution, but of those most likely to find fault, that she has achieved the success of having done the greatest good to the greatest number.

The history of Lady Coutts's succession to her vast wealth partakes considerably of the romantic. Let us trace it through its various steps. Towards the close of the last century, say from 1785 onwards, Thomas Coutts, whose place of business was a dingy old mansion near Temple Bar, in the Strand, was supposed to be the richest banker in London. He was then an elderly man, known all over England as "Old Tom Coutts," proud of his money and power of making it, arbitrary in manner, gross in habits, a "hunks" in disposition, but nevertheless possessing firmness, sagacity, exactitude, knowledge of men, and honesty, in uncommon degree. He was a widower, the father of three daughters, to each of whom he gave £20,000 on her wedding day. There had been a good deal of scandal about "Old Coutts's" attentions to Miss Mellon, a pretty actress at Drury-Lane, before Mrs. Coutts died. That these rumors were not entirely groundless, was shown by the banker's marrying the actress, between whom and himself there was the difference of forty-seven years, in three months after his wife's death. Then followed trouble enough. The

three daughters—Marchioness of Bute, Countess of Guilford, and Lady Francis Burdett—stood high in society, and would not compromise their position by taking notice of their step-mother. That which started in coldness grew shortly into differences. Quarrels followed. The former accused the latter of having wheedled a foolish old man into marrying her: the latter retorted by accusing the daughters of neglecting their father in his loneliness. Coutts sustained his wife. This enraged the daughters against him also. All intercourse between the families ceased; and upon a certain public occasion, the Countess of Guilford, encouraged by her sisters, refused to recognize her father. The insult stung the old banker to the quick. He had in his veins that Yorkshire blood that never warmed toward friend or relative when it had once been chilled. Returning home, he sent for his solicitor, made a new will, by which he cut off his daughters without a penny, and constituted his young wife his sole heir. In less than two months, Mr. Thomas Coutts was a tenant of Kensal-Green cemetery, and his widow, fresh from the green-room, where she had been accustomed to receipt for her weekly wages of ten pounds, became the possessor of more than three millions.

It was always said that Mrs. Coutts now behaved well. She certainly offered to divide one-half of her whole estate with her step-daughters, provided a reconciliation could be effected. This they scornfully declined, and preferred to try the law. A miserable failure to break the will followed. Mrs. Coutts then presented them with £20,000 apiece, and an ungracious reconciliation followed.

In 1827 the widow married the Duke of St. Albans. He was scarcely thirty years old, while she was fifty-two. Besides, he was a man of weak mind and feeble character, a spendthrift and gambler, and without presence or personal mark. But he had high social

position, and this, which wealth alone would not give her, the millionaire widow wanted. And she obtained it. To be the superior in rank of the daughters of her husband, was worth almost any sacrifice; and this marriage gave it. She took precedence at Court of the very ladies who for five and twenty years had never ceased to fling scorn upon her birth and breeding. And yet the sacrifice, after all, proved not to be an expensive one, since the Duke, perhaps in the hope of being enriched at her death, abandoned his evil courses, and to all appearance, during the ten years they lived together, was a kind and faithful husband.

This marriage, however, was so evidently unequal, that it became the occasion of much ludicrous remark, ridiculous caricaturing, and ribald jesting. The newspapers had their remarks, the clubs their witticisms, and ladies of quality their censures. Even the Grub-street drolls were not without their epigrams and caricatures. One of the least objectionable of the latter was that which represented the Duke as a sick baby in an old lady's lap—the old lady being his wife—writhing with pain, and the medical man, who had just finished his diagnosis, saying, "Do n't be alarmed, my lady; *he has only eaten too much melon!*"

It was not to be expected, of course, that there would be issue from the marriage, and the Duchess began to cast about for an heir to her rapidly accumulating estate, after providing for her husband, should he survive her. Of the three families that had been at variance with her, that of Sir Francis Burdett had become soonest reconciled. Lady Burdett visited at her house—the Burdett children ingratiated themselves into the old lady's favor, and called her grandmother—and the youngest, Angela Georgina, made her home more in the St. Albans mansion than under her father's roof. The Duchess, as she increased in years, wanted attention, sympathy, and affec-

tion. She found them all in the girl who, from the age of fourteen to twenty-three, was her constant companion and friend. After her decease, when her will was opened, that which had been long predicted was found to be true. The Duke, in addition to bequests of certain considerable estates in fee simple, received a life pension of £10,000 per annum. The bulk of the wealth of the old banker, then amounting to between four and five million pounds sterling, was given to Angela Georgina, youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, on condition that she should assume the name and arms of Coutts.

Since 1837, therefore, Miss (now Lady) Burdett Coutts has been known as the great heiress of England. Wealth so vast, falling to any one, is not without its temptations and dangers. Had a life of pleasure possessed attractions for her, she had the amplest means of enjoying it. As daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, a fine specimen of the English gentleman, and representative of an ancient Derbyshire family, which received its patent of baronetage in 1618, she had position in society. As heiress of the Duchess of St. Albans, she held rank at Court. And as possessing almost boundless wealth, she was the recipient of distinguished attentions. Among many offers of marriage she has received, one came gallantly enough from the Duke of Wellington. Tom Moore relates in his diary, that having seen Miss Coutts in all her splendor at a Queen's ball, he called upon her the following day, and found her preparing to send her dress back to the bank. "Would you like," she asked the poet, "to see it by daylight?" On his assenting, she took him to a room upstairs, where the treasure was deposited. There was a bracelet of diamonds that had been worn by Queen Anne, a brooch made for Mary Stuart, and the famous tiara of Marie Antoinette. Upon his asking Miss Coutts what altogether might be the value of

the dress and jewelry, she answered in her quiet way, "The associated value is, of course, not easily reckoned; but the intrinsic value is about one hundred thousand pounds." Happily for the best interests of many among the lower classes of Great Britain and her colonies, Miss Coutts had higher aims in life than the mere gayeties and frivolities of the fashionable world. From the first she seems to have felt that her riches were as a talent committed to her care, to be used in the service of the Giver, and for human good. It lies alike beyond the province and the knowledge of the writer, to say anything of the numberless private charities of this benevolent lady. For five and twenty years her secret bounty upon tens of thousands of the suffering has dropped "like the dew of heaven." "Like as a star, that maketh no haste, and taketh no rest," she has ceaselessly and noiselessly been doing good. Upon those outstanding public enterprises which have made her name honored throughout the world for philanthropic munificence, this article can only barely touch.

Rochester-Row, Westminster, twenty-seven years ago, was equalled by Seven Dials only in squalid wretchedness. It was the haunt of tramps, beggars, and thieves. Many of the miserable houses furnished tenements for twenty families and more. Miss Coutts purchased the grounds, and there erected the beautiful Gothic Church of St. Stephen the Martyr. It was opened in 1850. Its handsome spire, rising conspicuously over the neighboring buildings, attracts and pleases the eye of the visitor. An ecclesiastical district was assigned, a parsonage built, a living endowed, a working incumbent and two curates installed; and here now, instead of a neighborhood for pickpockets and burglars, is a settlement of the industrious laboring classes, and upwards of eight hundred children, boys and girls, receive here a good education.

Meanwhile the attention of Miss



Coutts was called to the state of the Anglican Church in South Africa. Among the twelve distinct Protestant missions laboring there, Episcopacy was not represented. No clergyman had been sent out, no bishop appointed, no funds for schools raised. To remedy all this, our heroine endowed the Cape-Town bishopric, saw the Rev. Robert Gray consecrated to the work as bishop, and has the satisfaction of knowing, during the early days of this new year of 1872, that twenty-three churches and forty-seven incumbents and curates are the blessed results of her work.

Then came the endowment of the bishopric of Adelaide, in South Australia, the fruits of which are to be seen in the seventy-six churches and chapels, the two hundred and twenty clergymen and deacons, all engaged in active duties, and the ninety-seven school-houses and schools, in a spot where, thirteen years ago, a few naked savages huddled themselves under the open forest.

The same thing followed in British Columbia, which was no sooner proclaimed a colony, in 1858, than Miss Coutts gave £25,000 for the endowment of the church, £15,000 for the bishopric, and £10,000 for the clergy.

During the year 1854 she directed her attention to "Training Institutions for Poor Girls." They interested her as she saw their working. She offered prizes. These stimulated the girls to become proficient in cooking, mending, housekeeping, management of children, and tending the sick. She then entered heartily into the work, and by her pecuniary aid, personal supervision, and great magnetic power, has set on foot a plan of schools for poor girls that promises to be of inestimable good to England. A recent address of this admirable woman to the girls of one of these training institutions, seems not only marked with ripened wisdom, but with timeliness sufficient to be quoted here in some of its passages:

"The influence," she says, "of a pious, sober, gentle, Christian-spirited girl, is not easily overestimated. Her example may keep alive the love of that which is pure in her brothers; and her sisters will unconsciously learn to imitate that which they love in her character. In this manner a woman, in early youth, begins to exercise something of a motherly influence in her small circle long before she has become herself the centre of a family. When once she assumes this position, she is, of course, the pivot upon which turn the domestic affection and welfare of her widened circle through the whole of life; for as it is in the mother that children must in childhood mainly seek for guidance, so she is the chief restraining power as the temptations of riper years succeed."

The model lodging-houses for the poor, named Columbia Square, where more than a thousand persons are supplied with every convenience, and the magnificent Columbia Market, opened some eighteen months ago by the Queen, were erected at a cost of £500,000, by Miss Coutts, in the squalid Nova Scotia Gardens, in Bethnal Green. From a period of great distress in this destitute part of London, that occurred in 1865, she seems to have adopted it as her own. Schools are established, and gin-palaces broken up; churches are built, and gambling hells ostracised; hospitals are founded, and cock-pits, dancing-rooms, and low theatres banished; industry is encouraged and street-begging done away with; clothing for deserving women, outfits for poor servants, comforts for the aged, and necessities for the sick, are constantly provided, and thriftlessness in every form discouraged—all with so much firmness, sagacity, and open-handed benevolence, that the most squalid and unsightly portion of the great metropolis in 1868, has become in 1872 almost a model of industry, cleanliness, and comfort, for any city in the world. Then there are the various institutions

for the reform of the abandoned, the associations to assist intending emigrants, the homes for impoverished gentlewomen, lying-in hospitals, infirmaries for special diseases, and societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, many of which are under her sole direction, and all more or less dependent upon her bounty. Indeed, her charities are multiplying so constantly with her advancing years, and the means by which she seeks to do good are so increasingly various, that it may be truly said,

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety."

In concluding an account that has omitted more than it has told of Lady Burdett's charities, one word should not be left unsaid. She makes no parade. Of what she is doing or is about to do, no letters are published in the newspapers, no deeds of virtue announced to the public, no correspondence printed and circulated in pamphlets, no votes of thanks, lists of charities, nor portraits of potentates deposited in a mausoleum. So far as possible, it appears to have been her life-long purpose that in regard to her charities, her left hand should not know what her right hand doeth.

N. S. Dodge.

#### THE BEAULIEU TRAGEDY.

AN autumn morning on the Teche. Not one of those quiet, restful days, full of golden hazes and mellow distances, with the silent peace of far-off blue skies overhead and the gorgeous sacrificial robes of nature spread over the earth. Not one of those days, dreamy, delicious, where all divine possibilities seem within our grasp, and we lie in the midway pass between the "Dolorous City" of daily travail and the crowned peace of the Eternal Plains. Nor yet was it a gloomy November day, heavy with gray, chill mists and lengthening shadows — the latter time, when the year's work is over, and the faint throbs of the great mother's heart saddens her children as if the "ai, ai" of Demeter still echoed over the land.

No, none of these, but a morning in early October, that busiest, cheeriest month in Louisiana, which seems to gather the whole year's fulness of life into one rich sheaf. On the sugar-lands of the Teche on this particular day, the air was filled with the stir and sound of active life. The sharp metallic rustle of the cane falling beneath

the laborers' knives, the shouts and songs of teamsters driving the long-bodied, heavy-wheeled wagons to the sugar-houses, the puff and snort of machinery, and vast clouds of smoke rising from the immense *bagasse* chimneys, each and all made a part of the universal activity. Even the very cicadas in the long grass seemed disposed to swell the merry chorus with their high, shrill notes. A fruity smell of ripened orchards, mixed with aromatic whiffs of boiling cane-juice, was on the air.

Altogether the scene was cheerful and pleasant enough to attract the attention of the most indifferent spectator. A gentleman strolling leisurely down the road seemed to think so, for when he reached the Beaulieu estate (the finest plantation in the parish of St. Mary), he took the cigar from his lips, and mounting a little eminence drank in with delight every feature of the landscape.

To the left, and about half a mile from the road, the high-peaked roof of Beaulieu House rose above a dense mass of shrubbery. Groups of im-

mense live oaks stood on each side, and a distant rolling outline of forest canopy filled the background. There were no large trees in front; with commendable taste, the owner did not choose to intercept a single view of the silver Teche, on whose left bank the spectator stood. He looked at the little river curving and winding between sloping banks of vivid green, and a half smile parted his lips. He nodded toward the famous orange-grove of Beaulieu, its golden fruit gleaming through burnished leaves, as much as to say "Here I am again!"

No stranger, evidently, but some one renewing his acquaintance with familiar places.

The smile of recognition deepened into a little low laugh, as he stepped beneath the overhanging branches of an ancient oak and read a name carved roughly in the bark.

"Even the wonderful flourish of the Y is still here," he said aloud. "How it ages a man to come back after a long absence! I feel like a ghost returning to my fleshly haunts."

If he felt like a ghost, not one whit did he *look* like one—that handsome man, with slender, well-proportioned figure, bronzed skin, and regular features. About thirty years of age, perhaps, with those undefinable lines of culture and refinement which mark good birth and good breeding, visible in every gesture and motion. The mouth, almost hidden by a blue-black moustache, was, however, too coarse; and in the changeful hazel eyes there lurked dire possibilities of ungovernable passions.

Perhaps because I knew Colonel Austin Eresby so well, I could never admire his handsome face. Where others raved about the well-turned head, with its wavy black hair, I could only remember the haughty, tyrannical gesture by which he used to dismiss his soldiers to unmerited punishment. When his splendid eyes were lauded, I thought of those very dire possibilities I have hinted at, springing into

life and leaping like lightning upon their victims.

Undaunted bravery and open-handed generosity go a great way among soldiers. His men were proud of his fame as a gallant chevalier, and did not scruple to avail themselves of his liberality; but even with all this there was no love for him. One poor devil, whose trifling offence he had visited with a "*peine forte et dure*," nicknamed him "Devil Eresby," and the *soubriquet* clung to him ever afterward like a burr.

To-day he was in his best and softest mood, until he threw open the large iron gate and entered the Beaulieu grounds. For a moment he paused in dismay, and a dark red flush of angry astonishment mounted to the very roots of his hair.

A wilderness lay before him—a wilderness of rare and beautiful shrubbery, to be sure, but so overgrown that the broad, circular gravelled sweep which led to the house was completely hidden. Thickets of rare roses were overtopped by pale rank daturas. Crimson oleanders seemed to smite through and through with poisonous red light the pure white jasmynes which had twined up their stem. Japonicas were dwindling under the spines of monstrous cacti. Heliotropes were drawing stunted breath in the ranks of deadly stramonium.

It is a sad truth that the strongest forces of nature in the vegetable kingdom are the most noxious. Where the hand of man has planted and wrought until the very germs of wild poisonous life seem destroyed, give a few weeks or months of neglect, and the invisible and ineradicable power begins its work, stronger and more deadly for the short-lived triumph of better things. No primeval forest, where the foot of man never trod, can show such a flourishing growth of nettles and fungi as the deserted garden, once sown thick with useful and healing herbs.

It is probable that nothing beyond

angry impatience passed through Colonel Eresby's mind, as he paused and looked right and left for some outlet through this labyrinth. A little foot-path to the right directed his steps, and he walked rapidly on. In a few moments he found himself in a comparatively open space—a reminder of the old Italian gardens. Evergreens had been trimmed into all kinds of stiff and fantastic shapes: gothic chapels surmounted by crosses; peacocks with wonderful tails; lions rampant and couchant, but now grown into grotesque deformities. In the centre of the large square was a temple with verdurous roof, whence depended a natural curtain of the gray Spanish moss. The moss hung in festoons to the very ground, completely concealing from view any chance occupant of the temple. There was an occupant to-day, for at the sound of footsteps over the gravelled walk, a hand put aside the moss curtain, and a face looked out—a girl's face, with flushed cheeks, smiling mouth, and large gray eyes with yellow lights in them, like a topaz flashed through and through by sunlight. The two looked at each other—Colonel Eresby with cool, courteous indifference—perhaps a little well-bred surprise at finding a stranger in his uncle's grounds. Astonishment, recognition, delight, passed in quick succession over the girl's face. With a cry of joy, she precipitated herself almost into his arms, as, touching his hat, he was passing on.

"Austin, Austin! I'm sure, I know, it must be you. When did you come? How——?" And half sobbing, half laughing, the young lady's speech was cut short by strong hysterical symptoms. He held her off at arm's length and gazed into her face.

"I suppose I should n't be behind-hand in an act of recognition. I ought to say, 'I'm sure you're my cousin Yolande.' But by Jove, I really do n't know you. I *did* know that headlong rush of yours, Yola, though. I remembered the day you butted me into the

Teche, when you were in hot haste after a humming-bird. You never *could* calculate distances, you know; and I see you have n't improved, for I presume you meant a rush into my arms, and there you are, a yard off."

He drew her toward him as he spoke, and kissed her cheek.

"Oh Austin," with tremulous, eager voice, "I cannot believe this is really you. We heard of you last on the Nile. No one dreamed you were coming back this fall."

"Tired of vagabondizing, *Petite*. If seven years of exile is n't enough to make a man hunger for the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, set him down as incurable. I reached Fairlawn this morning, and did n't stop an hour at home. Just kissed my mother and came over here. But Yola, can this really be you?"

"You find me so much changed, then?" she answered with a happy laugh.

"Changed," he repeated softly, gazing at the oval face, with its pure contours and changing hues, the curved red lips and round dimpled chin, the tall figure, with its outlines and movements of perfect grace. "'Changed' is n't the word, Yola. You have been remodelled. Where's the old mould, Mademoiselle?"

"With the snub nose, and the wide mouth, and the gypsy hair you used to pull so much and so hard?" she asked.

"Yes, the ugly 'larva.' Only think, I used to call you 'Rousse'"—lifting a lock of bright auburn hair, more fluffy than even the frizzled style of 1870 could justify. "But now I must give you a new name. Pretty, Beautiful, Lovely,—which shall it be?"

"Why not 'Charming,' at once?" she answered playfully. "Have you travelled over half the world to come back here to learn that there is nothing in a woman's *repertoire* she values half as much as what our German friends call *Bezauberung*? But I

knew *you*, Austin. Let me see if you are changed," looking up into his face. "Three shades darker, certainly."

"I do n't suppose the sun of Arabian deserts is anything of a cosmetic," he answered, rather impatiently. "I dare say I'm as black as a negro. I'm sure I feel twenty years older since the day I took leave of you all on the terrace yonder, and rode to the wars."

"Do n't let us talk of those terrible times," she cried with a shudder. "It seems like a fearful dream. The battles, the agonizing suspense before the list of killed and wounded reached us; then your capture and imprisonment. Oh, Austin, what a jubilee we held when the news of your escape reached us! Then to know that you were safe in Europe!"

He did not seem to hear her, for his eyes were roving over the grounds, gathering gloomy shadows as they took in the details of the ruin everywhere.

"The effects of the new *régime*, Yolande, I suppose," he said, pointing to the rotting fences and tangled shrubbery. "I'd rather make my way with a *machete* through an Indian jungle or a Brazilian forest. I had heard matters were bad, but I never dreamed of this. It's worse than Fairlawn; and when I drew up there this morning, I thought nothing could be worse. I vow, I'm almost tempted to set off on another *wanderyahr*, and turn my back forever on this accursed country. How in God's name, Yola, do you and my uncle manage to live in this abomination of desolation?"

Miss D' Aubigny colored at the brusque, harsh tone, but tried to laugh away her cousin's ill-humor.

"The same old Austin," she said; "the same Mons. Groggnard, always impatient and unreasonable. We have had a hard struggle for daily bread, and have hardly noticed the changes which strike you. Of course all these things are painful to you, Austin. You return to find your poor father gone, your home desolated, and this

other home of yours a wreck and ruin. But at least *we* are unchanged. Let us walk on to the house. Poor Papa, how happy he will be to see you!"

"Why 'poor Papa,' in such rueful accents?" he asked, as they walked on.

Her luminous eyes filled with tears. "Oh, have n't you heard that Papa was thrown from L'Eclair three months ago, and broke his arm? He has never been well since."

"No, I heard nothing. I'm very sorry. But still, a broken arm, Yola, is n't such a terrible disaster in the hands of a good surgeon."

"Oh, he has had the best of care — A Dr. Werner, who has leased the Rosendale farm for two years. He has made some wonderful cures in the neighborhood."

"An old man, I suppose?" asked Colonel Eresby, carelessly.

"Not so very old," she said, hesitating; "not young, either. Do n't ask me his age, Austin, for to save my life I could n't tell whether he's thirty or fifty. I only know he's a very peculiar man — an encyclopædia of learning, and every one admires him."

"Like the eternal hills, I presume" — and Colonel Eresby's sneer was very ugly when he heard any man praised by a woman — "so clothed with perpetual verdure that no one pauses to inquire if æons or days have passed over them."

At this moment a sudden turn in the path brought them in front of the broad low piazza which surrounded three sides of the house. Two gentlemen were seated there; and one, with white hair and beard, rose hastily from his seat and advanced a few steps forward.

"By heaven! it's Austin!" he cried; and moving forward hastily, he threw his arms around Colonel Eresby in a close embrace. "Welcome back, my boy!" — a very decided quaver in his loud voice — "welcome back; but I only wish you had come two years

ago. Dr. Werner," turning to his companion, who stood hat in hand, as if about to leave, "this is my nephew, Colonel Eresby, whom I've bored you enough about within the last two months. He'll be able to talk to you about Germany."

They bowed; but Dr. Werner either did not or would not see Colonel Eresby's partially extended hand. He drew it back; but the fierce, searching look he cast upon the stranger could not detect the slightest intentional offence in his impassive face and courteous manner.

"I forgot the fellow was a foreigner," he thought. "They do n't understand our eternal hand-shakings."

He took another look at the massive proportions of the tall figure before him. The face was rough-hewn, but reminded him, in outlines, of the sculptured features of some old Egyptian king or priest. No flexible lines about the closely-shut mouth; no varying light in the eyes, as blue and cold as a winter's sky. An utterly expressionless face, save for the lines of mental and physical power which marked the broad forehead, the square chin, and the whole enormous physique of the man.

Mr. D' Aubigny grew noisy and loquacious in his delight at his nephew's return.

"So you're back at last, my boy! You ought to have stayed at home and helped your father fight out the new troubles. It was too much for him; too strong for all old men. The new wine bursts out of the old bottles, and I tell you it's mighty fermenting stuff. We old planters are of no use, sir; not a bit of use, under the new *régime*."

"It was my father's wish that I should not return," answered Colonel Eresby. "He had a large balance in the hands of his merchants in Liverpool, and insisted that I should use a portion of it in travelling through Asia."

"A whim," answered Mr. D' Aubigny hastily; "a ridiculous whim.

The truth is, he thought all such hot-spurs as you were better out of the country than in it whilst the work of reconstruction went on. He wanted to put as much land and water as possible between his son and his son's masters. You need n't look so black. You'll find out in time how hard it is to make bricks without straw."

"I do n't think I'll try the experiment," said Colonel Eresby haughtily.

His uncle laughed. "Then you'll choose some other vocation than planting in Louisiana. Pretty hard, my boy, to have your hands strike for higher wages in the midst of the rolling season, and make fine crops and yet not clear expenses. Do n't go, Werner," to that gentleman, who was moving toward the entrance; "I've done my grumbling, and Austin here will talk to you of that beloved Rhineland of yours. He was there a whole year."

"Not to-day; some other time." And with a bow which included the whole group, Dr. Werner unhitched his horse from a rack in front, and rode leisurely away.

Colonel Eresby drew a long shuddering breath, and threw himself at full length on a lounge. "So that is your *rara avis*, Yola, eh? I feel as if I had been in company with a huge polar bear. Why, the man is execrable. The very tie of his cravat is aggravating, and his voice rasps my nerves."

"He'll survive your dislike," she replied, with an amused smile at his warmth. "I do n't think anything troubles his immensity of mind or body. He always seems to me so immeasurably removed from human hatred or human sympathy either."

"Odin in the Ragnarok of the gods," he scoffed. "He looks to me like a man battered by fate into impassiveness. A German, you say?"

"A cosmopolitan, I fancy," replied Mr. D' Aubigny, "without ties, and going wheresoever his fancy leads him. But he's an excellent physician, and



a good, humane man, who gives more in charity than the richest planter in the parish. He's poor, too, I know."

"Of course, of course, he's faultless;"—and Colonel Eresby drawled out his words as if the subject bored him. "Only, he's one of my antipathies. I never reason them out, for there's no reason in them, you know. We had a St. Sebastian of Andrea del Sarto at home, and I hated it to such a degree when I was a boy that I punched out its eyes."

"You were always unreasonable, Austin," said his uncle, with grave rebuke, "and in nothing more than in your violent and unjust antipathies."

"Violent, yes; unjust, no," he answered. "My antipathies are intuitions. I never disliked anything in my life that at some time or other did n't work me harm, or strive to do it."

"Even harmless St. Sebastian," laughed Yolande. The smiling, half-satirical expression of his face vanished, and gave place to sudden gloom.

"Even St. Sebastian. We had a deserter in my regiment, a mere youth. I suppose I might have saved him, but he was insolent. He was tried, and sentenced justly enough; and as he knelt for his last prayer, I saw the raised eyes of St. Sebastian before me."

Yola shuddered. "The eyes haunt you, I suppose, Austin," she said in a low voice.

He laughed harshly. "What a little goose you are, Yola! No; only sometimes I wish I had saved the poor devil's life. I would have done it but for his impertinence."

"A life for a word," said Mr. D' Aubigny, drily. "Do n't look so horror-stricken, Yola my dear, as if you had never heard of military despotism before. Go and see about dinner, for your aunt is absent, and you must be housekeeper. Stay, do n't let anyone disturb Austin and me, for we have important business to settle."

She obeyed, not lingering long in the kitchen, where a despotic mulatress presided, who allowed no interference in her domains.

"If you 's gwine to gib orders 'bout dis here dinner, Miss Yola, s'pose you cooks it yourself," throwing herself down violently on a bench. "I 's here to tend to my business, and if my business is yours too, take it and welcome."

Yola hurried from the angry eyes of the fiery-faced dame, half-laughing, half-angry, at her enforced subjection to the kitchen potentate. She passed up the broad handsome staircase, leading from the wide entrance hall, and entered a long passage, running the entire breadth of the house, with large dormer windows at each end. Southern architecture decidedly, following no established style, but courting the cool breeze wherever it could be found. When the numerous doors on each side the long hall were open, on the hottest midsummer day, there was a cool draught, which makes the upper passage of a Louisiana country house the favorite resort of the family.

To-day, however, Yola paused, looked down the long array of closed, silent doors, and sighed heavily.

"Austin is right," she said, half aloud. "It is an abomination of desolation without, and an abomination of solitude within. Who, looking down this dreary vista, could believe that in former times there was often no room for the numerous guests of Beaulieu?"

Her eyes rested on the closed doors of the grand parlors, and she laughed a little nervous laugh, thinking how Colonel Eresby would look if he was introduced to their faded splendors; the dusty, tarnished brocatelle, and rosewood; the carpet, faded in patches; the stucco work of the ceiling lying in heaps on the floor. Her father had never allowed the rooms to be touched since a destructive raid of the Federals, at the close of the war.

Yola entered her own little sitting-room, whose windows looked out over

the front shrubbery, and the distant winding Teche, the Rio Verde of Louisiana. She looked around critically, searchingly, trying for the first time to see her surroundings through strange eyes. Her cousin's dismay at the changed aspect of things had left a painful impression on her mind. Here, in her own special domain, was she to be humiliated by that look of mixed anger and disgust?

There was certainly nothing in this modest room to awaken such feelings. The muslin window curtains were spotlessly white, the basket of roses which hung beneath them as fresh and dewy as their sisters in the *parterre*. In fact, there were flowers everywhere in the cosy little nook. A vase of rare exotics stood on an oval table, and on the carved brackets long slender-stemmed Bohemian wine-glasses held a rare lily, or a fragrant mass of heliotropes and tube-roses. All was fresh and simple. The cream-colored India matting, chintz-covered furniture—pale gray ground, with azure corn-flowers—neutral-tinted walls, hung here and there with those relics of a better time, a few fine pictures and engravings—all were in harmony. A piano and well-filled music-stand stood in one corner, and books covered every available space, even the deep embrasures of the windows.

Yola drew a long breath of relief, and nestled down in the depths of a *fauteuil*.

"It's certainly cheerful enough here," she thought, letting her eyes rove from one object to another.

"Cheerful?" Yes, before she entered; but "brilliant" would have been a better word to the spectator who took in all the light and coloring which that half-recumbent figure lent and borrowed from the bright flowers, the sunlight, and all the other accessories, which pleased the senses in this apartment.

There are some women whose beauty and grace are so supreme, that the most bare and meagre surroundings

become a background to set them off. Others again only glow and sparkle into full possibilities of beauty, when their affinities for what is fairest and best in nature or art are gratified. The white-limbed Venus, in her self-conscious brightness, showed as fair to the eyes of men in the dusky Horsesel, as when she rode the pink-tinged sea-foam under the blue skies of Greece. But the Pysche, even lovelier, drooped and faded over her dead butterfly and extinguished torch.

It must be confessed that Yola belonged to the latter class of chameleon-like women. Perhaps in her case it was fortunate, for had she not had an instinctive sense of the above truth, it is probable this sitting-room of hers would have remained as ruined and unadorned as the rest of Beaulieu.

For some time she sat quiet and musing. Then, in a sudden fit of restlessness, she sprang up, struck a few notes on the piano, shifted the vases of flowers from place to place, took up a piece of work and threw it down again with an impatient ejaculation, and altogether presented as pretty a picture of girlish pettishness as the calm autumn sun ever rested upon.

"How long is papa going to keep him down there, I wonder? It's two hours since I came up," looking reproachfully at the little marble clock, and then the next moment sinking hot and red into a seat, as a gentle tap was heard at the door.

"Open sesame," said a gay voice, and Colonel Eresby stood on the threshold, looking admiringly within.

"Upon my word, Yola," he cried, "your boudoir is perfect. Such a contrast to the other mildewed old rooms. I see you have 'Gerome's Crucifixion' there," and he approached and stood silently before a copy of one of the most suggestive paintings of modern times.

"Yes," she answered, "it conveys such deep meanings. Nothing but the shadow of a cross. See, the people have turned their backs to it, and are moving towards Jerusalem."

He laughed lightly. "The painter was a poet. The Cross is nothing but a shadow to-day to the multitude. They turn from the old effete superstitions, to the warming light of Truth."

"But surely *you* do not call Christ a superstition?" she cried, shocked.

"Of course not," with the same laugh; "don't look so horrified, *Petite*, it does n't become you. Come, sit down," and he drew her to a seat beside him. "Did I say your boudoir was perfect?" he asked, after a pause. "Well, it will be, if you allow me a nice quiet smoke in it, now and then. It's just the nest for a 'meerschäum's dream of fantastic.' Not now," putting aside the matches she handed him. "I will have mercy upon your roses to-day; besides, I have something to say to you."

Miss D'Aubigny did not answer, but the hand resting on the arm of the chair grew very tremulous.

"Yola, I have just read the letter my father left for me. Do you know its contents?"

"Yes," Her eyes bent to the ground, her fair face crimsoned to the temples.

He did not take his eyes from her face. It was a pretty picture, and this self-seeking man loved pretty pictures, even if they grew out of pain of his own causing. He took it all in—the drooping head, with its bright waves of hair falling over the flushed face, the curled eye-lashes, the graceful contours of the perfect figure. Nay, even her little foot, peeping from under her dress, with its arched instep, did not escape his notice. He seemed to be taking an inventory of his own possessions, and very well satisfied with it. By degrees, something that was not altogether admiration stole into his eyes and softened them. He took her hand.

"Were you glad to see me, *Petite*?" the voice as caressing as a kiss.

"What a strange question to ask, Austin. Of course I was glad."

With a sudden movement he drew her towards him, and pressed kiss af-

ter kiss upon her lips. Half-frightened, she struggled out of his arms, breathless and startled.

He recovered himself with a laugh. "Upon my word, Yola, you did n't blush so divinely in the old times when I kissed you."

"I was a child then."

"And a woman now, I suppose. Child-like innocence, fearing no harm, is n't in a woman's repertoire, is it? You ought to be ashamed to shrink from your own cousin and playmate in this manner. Think of the olden time, Mademoiselle."

"I do," she answered, smiling; "and if you had pinched me, Austin, it would have been more in character. I think you gave me twenty pinches to one kiss in those days."

"I was a sad cub, I dare say," his intent eyes fixed upon her's until they sank again, abashed before the strange look.

"Yola," he said, after a long pause, "my father's wish, written on his death-bed, should, I suppose, be as binding as his last will. But I will be frank with you. Had I returned finding you ugly and disagreeable, no power, human or divine, would have induced me to comply with his wish. As it is," his voice softening into tenderness, "I, for one, am anxious to obey him. *Petite*, do you love me well enough to be my wife?"

He asked the question with the easy confidence of a man who knows the answer beforehand; interested in the issue, but so assured of it that there was no more tremor in his pulses than the proximity of a woman's beauty might produce.

She answered him—how? With quick heart-throbs leaping into her throat, and choking down her words; with happy tears blinding her eyes, and thoughts clamoring, "Mine, mine, oh, thank God for this crowning bliss!"

Thanking God for what? That a man who would spurn her if ugly, coveted her fresh young beauty? That a life jaded by excess, sought eagerly the pastures of her pure love?

Women are always thanking God for some chaff which they hoard and gloat over as the golden grain. What matter if they starve upon the miserable husks? it is a thankful starvation, and one they are not willing to exchange for any other harvest field, however plentiful.

Colonel Eresby took in his own the little tremulous hands, clasping and unclasping in nervous agitation. He did not need any other answer than those mute signals, more eloquent than words. He was about to speak, when his uncle's loud voice resounded through the hall.

"Come along, Austin! I am waiting to show you my new *bagasse* chimney. Hurry up, boy, there's no time to lose."

As the door closed behind him, Yola rose from her seat. "Oh my love, my love," she whispered, "have I ever known the day when you were not my dearest and my best? If you had not loved me I must have died—died," and she repeated the word passionately, as if by this cold image of death she sought to balance the fulness of delicious life the last hour had given her.

Colonel Eresby, sauntering along by his uncle's side, apparently deeply interested in the "saving of fuel," "only half the labor," which met his ear, had yet time for some very pleasant thoughts.

"Not a hard pill to swallow," he mused. "She is lovely, stylish, and sweet-tempered. How desperately in love the little creature is, too! Not that a '*grande passion*' is desirable." A dark shadow crept up to his brow, and with a movement of impatience he threw his lighted cigar into the glowing fire-place.

"By Jove!" he muttered, as his uncle turned aside to give some direction to a workman, "that confounded German doctor haunts me. His accent brings back those accursed days on the Rhine."

He sank into a moody silence, from

which neither "*bagasse* chimney" nor new "feeder," nor any modern improvements in the machinery of the sugar-mill, could arouse him.

"I must go now," he said to Yola, when they returned to the house, "but look for me, *Petite*, early to-morrow, with the books and sketches I have promised you."

About noon the next day, Dr. Werner, riding up to the piazza, came upon the two cousins, so much occupied with the contents of a large portfolio that his approach was not noticed.

Yola looked up and saw him.

"Just in time, Doctor!" she cried, gayly; "Papa won't be back for a half hour yet, and you will have time for Austin's beautiful sketches. Is n't this queer?" holding up one for inspection, as he took his seat beside her.

"It is from the walls of the grottos of Eilythias," explained Colonel Eresby. "A representation of the old threshing song—

"Tread ye out for yourselves  
The straw,  
For the men who are your masters  
The grain."

Dr. Werner took the sketch and looked intently at it.

"Typical," he said, in his cold, even tone. "A world-truth which was known before the adornment of Eilythias, and will never die out."

"Exactly," laughed Colonel Eresby. "There are some '*enfants gâtes*' (I fear I am one) who have an unconquerable desire to appropriate the grain, and leave the chaff to the treaders."

As he lay back in the large arm-chair, handsome, complacent, audacious, he looked the very incarnation of selfishness; a selfishness so intense that it affected no disguise.

Dr. Werner looked at him. It was an indifferent glance, neither reprov-ing nor contemptuous. He took up another sketch.

"That is Thothmes, the sitting statue, you know, that guards one of the entrances of Karnac. *Sedebit eternam que sedebit*. Do you know, Doctor,

that there is a remarkable resemblance between yourself and that venerable Egyptian?"

"Perhaps," he answered gravely, "by some law of evolvement, I might have come out of the mummied dust of the Pyramids."

"For Heaven's sake," cried Yola, with a little shudder, "do stop such fearful talk; you are enough, both of you, to give one the horrors. Here, Austin, bundle up your Egyptian antiquities out of sight; I'm tired of the old fossils. I have n't a spark of interest in the people and things of so many ages back. Let us have the other portfolio."

Sketch after sketch was examined and laid aside. After the contents of the portfolio were exhausted, Yola, searching curiously into its recesses, drew out a small piece of paper, which had slipped down between the leather and the lining.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" she cried. "Oh, Austin, what will you give me for my *trouvaille*? You never would have found it but for me, in the place it was."

"Give you," he said, smiling, "not a dime. Of course it's some staring Magdalen, or some red and yellow monstrosity from the Louvre, that I hid out of sight. You know, Mademoiselle, you have n't a spark of artistic taste."

"Perhaps not. Let me look again before I set my price." She pored intently over the drawing, taking in all the details. A radiantly beautiful woman, with long yellow hair, crowned with green sea-weed and shells, stood on the very pinnacle of a high rock, and, with parted lips and alluring gesture, seemed to beckon towards her a vessel in the distance.

Yolande gazed at it with delight. "Slanderer, see here!" she cried, placing it suddenly before Colonel Eresby.

He sprung to his feet with a stifled cry. He was white to the very lips, and his breath came in short gasps. One moment only; the next the scared

look passed out of his eyes, though the unnatural strain of features did not relax. "Did I frighten you, Yola?" trying to laugh at her astonished face. "I thought it was a valuable Andromeda I had lost some time ago. Oh, I see what it is now; a fancy sketch, a mere bagatelle," and taking it from her hand, he tried to thrust it back into the portfolio.

"Allow me," said Dr. Werner, taking it from him. "A Lorelei, I see," in sharp, incisive tones; "taken at Bacharach, in 18—."

His gaze seemed to devour the paper. His heavy yellow eyebrows met in a dark frown.

"Do you remember Brentano's version?" he said to Colonel Eresby.

"Mein schatz hat mich betrogen,  
Hat sich von mir gewandt,  
Ist fort von hier gezogen,  
Fort in ein fremde Land."

No answer. Colonel Eresby passed his hand two or three times over his forehead, like a man dazed.

"But she does not look grief-stricken," said Yola, absorbed in the beautiful figure on the rock. "Tell me the story of the Lorelei. I never heard it."

"Only an old German legend," answered Dr. Werner, his voice still harsh and incisive. "She was said to be a sorceress, and was brought before the Archbishop for trial. 'What are thine accursed spells,' asked the priest, 'for bewitching the hearts of men?' In answer she unbound her glittering lengths of golden hair, drew the kerchief from her white neck, and looked straight at him with her beautiful eyes. 'Behold my only spells,' she answered; 'but they could not hold my lover, so I care not to live. Do what thou wilt with me.' Tradition says she was sentenced to a convent, but escaped from her escort of knights, who followed her up an almost inaccessible rock in time to see her beckon to a distant vessel, and throw herself in the sea. The knights could not descend, and all perished there. Whether

she was merely a deserted woman, or a Lorelei, an enchantress, each person can judge as pleases him."

"You have chosen the witchcraft version, Austin," said Yola to her lover, who, quite recovered from his transient emotion, sat a calm listener to the legend. "She looks too bright and happy to be a *delaissée*."

"I have forgotten what I meant," stifling a yawn. "The sketch is n't worth a thought."

"On the contrary," replied Dr. Werner, "it has so much merit that I am going to ask you for it for a few days. I wish to make a copy."

The eyes of the two men met. The German's cold, steelly, inscrutable; the other's filled with a fierce desire to grapple with this stranger in deadly conflict. He half stretched out his hand to grasp the paper, and then withdrew it with a careless laugh.

"Oh, of course," he said, "it's only fit for waste paper. It is n't of any value, save for the lights and shadows of the rock. Return it to me when you've done with it." He thought to himself, "Fool, fool, to startle at a shadow in this manner."

"I cannot wait to see Mr. D'Aubigny this morning," said the Doctor, rising. "I may meet him on the road, and he is getting so well I shall have to dismiss myself."

"Oh, Doctor!" cried Yola, "what will Papa do without you?"

"He does not need me," he answered gravely. "I am always ready, should he do so."

He held Yola's hand one minute in a friendly grasp, made the usual icy bow to Colonel Eresby, and the next moment was out of sight.

"I believe that man hates me, Yola," drawled her cousin. "I'm sure I do n't know why; but I'm sure, too, I detest him cordially."

Dr. Werner rode rapidly out of the Beaulieu grounds. Outside the gate he dropped the reins on the horse's neck, and with a sudden movement threw his arms aloft. "At last!

at last!" he cried aloud, "the chase is over, and the prey is reached. I knew he must come here, sooner or later. I would have waited ten, twenty, fifty years for him. I was sure of him before; but to-day, with this," touching the pocket which held the sketch, "and his quailing, devilish face at the sight of it, I knew that Monsieur Richaud and Colonel Eresby were one and the same. I have tracked him well; and now, when, how, shall I crush the viper?" A wild, scornful laugh rang through the peaceful autumn air. "What, am I growing impatient?" he muttered, "I, who have waited so patiently, so long, for this hour?"

From his vest pocket he drew a small box, and from the box a quaint twisted gold ring, with a motto. He held it up to the light. "*Treu und fest*," he muttered. "Still here the little stain. After so long, *leibchen*, I can speak thy name; I, who dared not even think it before he was in my grasp. Oh, Hildegard! Hildegard!" and with a deep, dry sob, which shook his whole gigantic frame like a storm-wind, the man buried his face in his hands.

For only a brief minute. The next, he rode on, head erect, and face as immobile as ever. A few words every now and then escaping from between his clenched teeth, told the subject of his thoughts. "Not that way," he muttered, "he might kill me first, and then go unscathed. No, I must bide my time. When the blow will be deadliest and hardest, I will strike. The girl is in love with him. She is a good girl; but what do I not spare her when I crush him? Who had pity on thee, Hildegard? Let her, too, drink of thy cup," and he gnashed his teeth like a madman.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dreamy, delicious October days passed on, as such days will, each fairer and sweeter as they drew near their close. One evening, the last of the month, Yola stood at the iron gate,



and looked wistfully down the road. I do n't think she gave even a passing glance at the wonderful crimsons and purples in the sunset clouds—crimson and purple which kissed the river's breast, and left it flecked and chequered with red and black stains. No, she saw nothing but the figure of her lover approaching in the distance.

As he rode leisurely through the luminous haze, to her eyes heaven or earth could offer no fairer sight than this smiling, audacious man, who drew rein at the gate, and, dismounting, took her in his arms.

"You here, Yola?" he asked with surprise; "why, what is up, that you've come all this way to meet me?"

She laughed and colored. "I did n't want you to bring a hornet's nest about your ears. You see, Aunt Annie thinks it is n't right for you to come this evening."

"Because we're to be married to-morrow, I suppose;" and he laughed long and loud. "Why, what a decorous old Tabby she is, to be sure. But you balked her, *Ptite*, and came to meet me. It's nicer out here, at any rate, and we can sit under that oak tree on the bank of the river."

"Impossible this evening," she said. "I have but a few minutes to stay. I came here, too, to tell you that Papa has consented at last to have the ceremony performed in the old chapel over Quicksand Creek."

"What a whimsical girl you are, Yola," playfully pulling her ears. "It would be so much nicer in the house than in that dirty, disused little church over there."

"I was christened there," she said reproachfully, "and you know, Austin, poor mamma is buried there."

"Oh, I forgot;"—carelessly—"no guests, I presume, but the family?"

"None; at least—Dr. Werner, of course, if you call him a guest. You've got over your dislike for him, have n't you?"

Only sleeping, child. He has not

crossed my path since the day after my arrival here. But then, I've been so happy, Yola, for the last two weeks, that I think I would have grown indifferent to my worst enemy."

He had grown very fond of her in his way. She was so lovely, and loving, with a little tender shyness which was irresistible to a man like him. She did not parade her devotion to him, but in a thousand little graceful ways it made itself known to him. On this, his wedding eve, he did not give a single sigh for the liberty he was about to lose. Perhaps (Colonel Eresby was somewhat lax) he might have thought that the liberty he most enjoyed was not of a kind to be curtailed by the wedding bond, as he interpreted it. At any rate I prefer thinking that this evening he was nearer being a good true man than at any previous period of his life.

As he kissed Yola good-bye, he said, and thought, how delightful it was to know that the next kiss would give him a life-long claim to her sweet lips.

His foot was already in the stirrup, when he called out suddenly: "Look, Yola! look yonder in the west!"

A sudden change had come over the bright sunset sky. An arch of intense blackness spanned the western horizon, cleft at intervals by lurid flashes of lightning. The sky was of a dull copper hue, and the water, the trees, the grass beneath it, were all tinged with the same sickly color. The wind had risen in short sobbing gusts, which rose, and wailed, and died away into a breathless silence.

"Signs of tempest," called out Colonel Eresby, vaulting into his saddle. "Do you remember, *ma mie*, the old adage, 'Happy the bride the sun shines on?' Now you're going to have weeping skies, or I'm no prophet. See that those will be the only tears shed on the occasion."

He kissed his hand to her, and rode off, gay, *debonnaire*, with snatches of song borne back to her on the wind.

At last the snatches shaped themselves into the refrain of a wild Breton melody:

"Ride ye, speed ye, soon or late,  
Breast the rolling river;  
Do what man can do; yet Fate  
Holds the game forever."

Miss D' Aubigny felt a little nervous thrill as the well-known words met her ear,—the refrain of a ballad as full of fantastic horror as those *Basse Bretagne* ballads usually are. She would not acknowledge it to herself, but those few wandering notes haunted her in her homeward walk, and were her last thoughts as she laid her head on the pillow that night.

The wedding day dawned dark, lowering, with low-lying rain-clouds and dreary gusts of wind at long intervals. At noon the same copper hue was visible in the patches of sky not obscured by the black storm-clouds. Every sign portended the gathering of one of those terrible tempests which at certain intervals devastate the Gulf States.

The few friends assembled at Beaulieu made a desperate effort to be genial and witty, but in the face of the depressing influences of the weather it was a failure. The older ones approached the window and gazed intently at the signs of the weather.

"I say, D' Aubigny," cried one of them, "if the bride does not hurry, there will be a general soaking of wedding finery."

Mr. D' Aubigny hastened up stairs, and in a few minutes reappeared with his daughter on his arm. The bright, happy beauty of Yola was softened by the folds of the lace veil which hung to her feet; but the old accredited pal- lor which tradition awards a bride as her portion, was certainly wanting in this case. Never had the light in her eyes been more radiant, never the flush on her cheek deeper.

As they were about to enter the carriages, she looked up with dismay to the sky.

"Oh Papa," she said, "I did not

notice before the threatening weather. Had we not better send for Father Avenard here instead of going to the chapel?"

"Too late," answered her father; "the priest has been waiting at the chapel for the last hour. We will have to hurry, that's all. Austin," turning to his nephew, who stood near, "can you not give Dr. Werner a seat in your carriage? Only your mother is in it, you know. I sent Black Jim an hour ago to see if the chapel was ready, and the rascal rode the Doctor's horse, and has n't returned."

"Certainly," answered Colonel Eresby, turning to Dr. Werner, who stood near, "most happy; and here is the carriage."

Dr. Werner stood for a moment as if irresolute, and then hastily sprang into the carriage, taking a front seat, but facing Mrs. Eresby and her son. A little vague, purposeless chat, and then long silences.

"What a strange ring on your watch-guard, Doctor," said the lady; "is it a family relic?"

He took it off and handed it to her. "Yes, a family relic," he said, noting closely Colonel Eresby's indifferent gaze fixed on some far-off object. He did not even glance toward the subject of discussion.

"Yes, a sad relic," continued the German; "a wedding ring, though it does not look like one. Well, it was not a real wedding, like this happy occasion, but a mock-ceremony, which sealed a fair innocent girl to ruin and death."

A violent start, and Colonel Eresby aroused from his reverie, fixed his eyes upon the ring, and then turned them, wild, fierce, questioning, upon the man before him. He did not seem to notice, and continued in his cold, even tones:

"She could not bear the shame; for you see, Madam, though her people were poor and ignorant, they were very proud of their good fame. Her

seducer had borne a feigned name, though she found out his real one afterwards; and when she knew that her shame would soon be public, she stabbed herself. Here is the stain where she pressed her poor little hand to the wound. Her betrothed—for she had had a betrothed who loved her better than life—arrived after a long absence in England, the day of the terrible tragedy. He took the ring from her dead hand, and swore to follow her murderer to the ends of the earth. He found him."

"And then?" questioned Mrs. Eresby.

"I do n't know," shrugging his shoulders; "one was killed—I do not remember which. The ring has come down to me a precious legacy."

They had now reached the bridge, and as Mr. D' Aubigny had decided it was unsafe for carriages, the party descended. For a few minutes Colonel Eresby and his enemy were alone.

"I understand you now, sir," said the former between his clenched teeth. "Are you going to make a scandal here, or will to-morrow serve your turn? I am ready for you."

The German turned his inflexible face toward the speaker.

"I have the right to choose my time and place. I will not lie in wait for you like an assassin."

He then turned away and busied himself in securing his horse, which Black Jim had turned loose on the bank of the creek.

Like a man in a dreadful dream, Colonel Eresby crossed the bridge, and with Yola on his arm entered the chapel which stood only a few yards from the stream. Mechanically he took his place at the altar; mechanically he made the necessary responses. He was only aroused to a perception of his surroundings, when, at the beginning of the benediction, the long-pent fury of the storm burst forth with a violence which threatened to destroy the little building in which they were assembled. The words of the priest

were inaudible, and it was only by a sign that they knew the ceremony was over.

The lightning flashed in one continuous glare of livid light, the wind howled, and the rain poured like a sea of waters falling upon the earth. The terrified women cowered at the foot of the altar, and the priest, quite as much frightened, strung together his invocations in a most incomprehensible manner. Yola, a little paler, clung to her husband's arm, and by her looks (for not a word could be heard) strove to convince him of her courage. As for him, he was glad of the dangerous episode, even if he went to eternity with that tender soul clinging to him in the dark passage. As he stood there, holding her closely to him, his whole life, with its bad realities and its wasted possibilities, passed before him like a rapid and shifting vision. Not pleasant thoughts; so, placing Yola on a seat, he strode to the door.

The storm had suddenly subsided into hoarse, sobbing murmurs. Nothing but the rush of the swollen waters was to be heard.

"The storm is nearly over," he called out; "a little patience, and we will be out of prison."

"The waters are rising!" shouted Mr. D' Aubigny, who was looking out of the back window. "Look there, and see how rapidly they are coming up!"

The chapel stood on a little island formed by a curve of the creek; and looking back they saw a steady sweep of water almost up to the foundation of the little building.

"It's coming up with a rush!" cried one of the gentlemen. "The chapel will never stand the flood."

"Then we must make a run for it in the rain," said Colonel Eresby cheerily. "The wind has lulled, and it will only be a wetting, after all. Let us cross the bridge immediately, and wade to the carriages."

He hastened out, half leading, half carrying Yola, as sudden gusts

of wind would almost make her lose her footing.

They were a few steps from the bridge, when a sudden harsh grinding sound arrested them. A sharp crack, the rending away of heavy timbers, and then a deafening crash as the bridge toppled over into the hell of angry water beneath. Nothing was left but a single arch, which spanned the stream.

There was a general cry of consternation.

Colonel Eresby was always cool and self-possessed in any extremity.

"Do n't be frightened," he said to Yola. "An active person can cross that arch. I will go first and try it, and come back for you and my mother. You see, gentlemen, nothing can be easier; and those among us least liable to become giddy can assist the others. Only, we have no time to lose, for by Jove," (looking back,) "the water is up to the chapel."

He threw off his coat, and without pause or falter traversed the trembling arch to the other side. As he reached it, he waved his hand in triumph, and turned to re-cross it. Dr. Werner had followed his movements with eager eyes. He, too, had thrown off his coat and advanced to the foot of the arch, as if to follow. As he saw Colonel Eresby returning, he sprang upon the narrow timber and moved slowly but steadily toward him.

"For God's sake, Doctor, what do you mean?" cried every voice. "Do n't you see it's too narrow to pass? Are you mad?"

Not a word, but a mocking laugh and a steady progress onward. When Colonel Eresby saw him approaching, his first impulse was to retrace his steps, and meet his foe on less perilous grounds; but that was impossible, for the narrow pass admitted of no turning. He understood that then and there was to be the duel *a l'outrance*; and when did the gallant old Eresby blood quail before

man or devil? He understood, too, that this man, whatever wrongs he had to right, had given himself no undue advantage. He measured him coolly as each step brought them nearer to each other, and thought if the German had the advantage in height and strength, he was decidedly his superior in agility. Upon that more than anything would depend safety in the perilous pass.

The spectators on the bank, struck dumb with astonishment and dismay, saw the two men, with stealthy, wary steps, reach the centre of the arch. They paused for a few seconds, face to face; then with a loud, ringing cry from Dr. Werner, "At last! at last!" he threw himself upon his adversary. The deadly struggle began; not a long one, on that narrow foothold. They lost their footing, and grappling together, fell from the arch — one, with a hoarse cry, down among the fallen timbers and the churning flood. The other hung by his hands to the arch for a minute, and then he too dropped in the creek. They saw him disappear and then rise again near the shore, which by a few strong strokes he reached. As he staggered to the land, they saw by the gigantic stature that it was the German; but the other was — *where?* Down among the heavy timbers of the bridge, with a deep gash cut from the forehead to the brain. "Done by some of the sharp edges of the wood," said his horrified friends, who, forgetting peril, had crawled over the arch to his assistance. But whatever did it, he was stone dead, as his mortal enemy must have seen, for his face was above the water, and his body wedged in between two logs.

In the midst of the confusion, the muffled sound of a horse's gallop reached the ears of the horror-stricken people who in vain were striving to restore animation to the helpless body of the luckless bridegroom. They knew it was the German, and no time was lost in pursuit; but from that

day to this, he has never been heard of. With him and the dead man lay the secret only guessed at by others.

Poor Yola had sunk into happy unconsciousness at the very beginning of the struggle. The fainting-fit did not pass away until, by some means, she had been safely borne over the broken bridge and laid in the carriage in her father's arms. She opened her eyes and looked up. His heart died within him at that scared, wild, questioning look, and he buried his face in his hands.

She seemed to comprehend, and with a shrill cry relapsed again into insensibility. One fit followed another; and then came a long season of low-muttering delirium. It, too, passed away, and the unhappy girl came back to life—if that can be called life where the pulses play, but where memory and perception are forever banished. It is a harmless insanity. She moves restlessly through the ruined grounds of Beaulieu, twining the grasses and flowers into fantastic wreaths, with which she decorates the moss-drapery of the rustic temple in which we first saw her.

Sometimes, too, at sunset, her white face is seen at the great iron gate, looking expectantly down the road; and her thin, tremulous fingers twine together in the old nervous manner; but she never speaks. Whether the organs of speech are paralyzed, or whether it is her insane will to be silent, no one knows. She is tenderly guarded from harm, but no restraint is placed upon her movements.

If, whilst wandering along the banks of the beautiful Teche, you see a white-robed figure (she always wears white) amongst the shadows of the Beaulieu trees, you will notice that the tall form is bowed and decrepit as that of an old woman. She is only nineteen, but her bright hair is streaked with gray.

It is, alas, an o'er true tale I have told you. Had it been a fancy sketch, the end would have been different; for I would have adjusted the balances of Fate differently, nor broken a true, pure heart for a villain's sake. At any rate, these heart-dramas are not infrequent among the Creoles of Louisiana, though few reach the proportions of this dark Beaulieu Tragedy.

M. B. Williams.

#### THE UNITED STATES NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.

IT is now many months since the *Polaris* sailed from our shores on her perilous voyage towards the North Pole. Since her departure various communications have appeared in the public prints, throwing discredit on the expedition, and reflecting severely on the character and qualifications of its officers. The principal one of these articles, and that which in a great measure has inspired all the others, was given to the public in the "Overland Monthly" of September last, under the avowed au-

thorship of Dr. David Walker. A reply, correcting its misstatements, and doing justice to Captain Hall and his subordinates, appeared some time since in one of the daily papers of Cincinnati, and was written by a gentleman thoroughly conversant, not only with the present composition of Captain Hall's party, but also with the history of Dr. Walker's temporary connection with the same. Since then the erroneous statements have continued to appear, not only in the newspapers of this country, but also in foreign jour-

nals, and they recently formed the substance of an editorial in one of the most prominent and largely circulated illustrated weeklies of New York. The old saying, "that error travels leagues while truth is getting on its boots," is seldom better exemplified.

Although no amount of detraction can affect Captain Hall and his comrades at the present time, is is yet unsatisfactory to the well-wishers of the expedition, as well as to the national feeling of all of us as Americans, to hear it misrepresented, and the possibility of its success denied. It is but simple justice, moreover, to those who are absent, and cannot speak for themselves, to correct misrepresentations, and set matters right before the public. I cannot expect to do much more than reiterate the statement of facts already so well given by the gentleman referred to, but I may perhaps do a little to spread correct ideas more widely.

Dr. Walker, the author of the paper in the "Overland Monthly," is an Irish medical man, who held the position of volunteer surgeon on the yacht *Fox*, under McClintock. The Arctic experiences, which in his opinion entitle him to claim that, with the exception of Dr. Hayes, he alone in this country "possesses the experience and information with which it is desirable to approach this matter"—I quote his own words—are comprised in one winter of helpless drifting down Baffin's Bay, and another in landlocked winter quarters in Bellot's Straits. Since then he has filled the position of contract surgeon in the United States army, at posts in the western part of our country. He does not appear very prominently in the account of McClintock's voyage, and seems to have taken no very great part in the various sledge operations which resulted in divulging the fate of Franklin and his men. He receives honorable mention, however, as meteorological and magnetical observer, the duties of which he performed in addition to

those of surgeon, and which would naturally keep him for the most part at the winter quarters of the ship. As far as actual Arctic out-door life is concerned, I have no doubt that there is many a man in the city where his article was published, whose experience is far greater than his own.

When the appropriation from Congress had been secured, and Captain Hall appointed by the President as commander of the expedition, Dr. Walker made application for the position of surgeon naturalist. His previous Arctic experiences insured the ready acceptance of his offer, and he joined the party at Washington. He had been there but a short time, however, before it became evident to Captain Hall that their harmonious coöperation was impossible, and the difficulty was finally terminated by a public order from the Secretary of the Navy, detaching him from the expedition on the grounds of incompatibility with his superior officer. From all the facts which have come to light in regard to this matter, we cannot think that Captain Hall was in the wrong. The commander of such an expedition, above all others, requires to be in harmony with his subordinates, and to exact the most unquestioning obedience. If Dr. Walker had lost confidence in his superior, his duty, in the light of his experience, would have been to withdraw while there was opportunity, and not, remaining in the service, to sow discord and destroy the confidence of his associates. The secret of the whole difficulty is probably to be found in that same high valuation of himself which appears in the commencement of his article, in the words we have already quoted.

Of course Dr. Walker's opinion of the present *personnel* of the expedition is a low one. He publishes to the world that its chief is a man unfit for command, unused to sea-life, incapable of making accurate observations, and accustomed only to comparatively mild temperatures; its sailing officers



illiterate seamen, and one of them not even that; its astronomer a mere tyro; and the meteorologist an enlisted soldier, and therefore unfit for his work. I will notice these criticisms in detail.

Captain Hall has already added much to our knowledge of the geography of the northern regions; by his own individual exertions he has supplemented the discoveries of the very expedition of which Dr. Walker was a member. His geographical determinations have already stood the best of criticism, although made under the disadvantages of sledge journeying, and alone. It is, we think, extremely doubtful whether he can find lower temperatures than he has already experienced, as temperature does not, by any means, in the far north, decrease inversely with the latitude. His experience in sledge travelling is likely to be of the utmost service to him, since it is by that means alone that he expects to reach the Pole. His experience of command, it is true, has heretofore been only with small parties, and the present expedition is on a much larger scale than any of his previous ones; but it must be remembered that he is in perfect accord with his sailing officers, upon whom the immediate command will devolve, and two of whom are old friends and comrades on his former passages to and from the North. From a personal acquaintance with Captain Hall, I see no reasons for doubting either his capacity for command or his ability to inspire his fellows with confidence. It is admitted that he possesses indomitable energy and boundless enthusiasm; and I may add, a thorough knowledge of the difficulties in his way, and the best means for their removal.

Captain Buddington, the sailing-master, and Mr. Chester, the first officer, are spoken of as mere whalers, and it is broadly hinted that, as such, they are unfit to hold command on a vessel engaged in a scientific expedition; but it is admitted that they are well fitted for their work of navigating the ship through the ice into advan-

tageous winter quarters. The sneer at whalers would come with better grace from one who had never taken part in an expedition for Arctic discovery, which owes so much to the labors of a Scoresby and a Penny, both whalers, to say nothing of our countryman Captain Long. If the inducement to map out the Polar regions had been equal to that of filling the ship with oil, and doing their duty to their employers, American and English whalers would long since have left but little for government exploring expeditions to accomplish.

Mr. Morton, the second officer, is rated by the author of the article as a landsman—a good steward, perhaps, but therefore no seaman; a *non sequitur* which can be best appreciated by those who have, what Dr. Walker seems to lack, a little knowledge of the character of the men who follow the sea. If many years of sea service make a landsman, then Mr. Morton is one; and as to his qualifications for the post he fills, I have the favorable judgment of his superior officer, Captain Buddington, certainly a competent authority on matters of seamanship. I need not speak of his record as an Arctic explorer; in that his reputation is already world-wide.

In regard to the scientific corps of the expedition, I may commence by supplementing the good word given Dr. Bessels, by simply saying that very general satisfaction was felt and expressed in scientific circles when he assumed its direction. Dr. B., though still a very young man, has made himself favorably known to the scientific world by original investigations, and has already honorably connected his name with Arctic discovery, having been scientific director of the German expedition to North Spitzbergen and the neighboring seas in 1869. Under his direction we may look for results at least in some measure commensurate with the hopes and desires of the scientific men of the country and of the world. His assistant, Mr. Bryan,

who is to take charge of the astronomical and magnetical observations, is also a young man, but a thorough mathematician. In order to obtain full practical instruction in the use of the various instruments, he remained behind when the expedition sailed, joining it afterwards at Disco, in the Congress. The latest communication from Dr. Bessels gives a highly favorable account of him, stating that he had already successfully commenced the work assigned him, and expressing the opinion that he would do it well. Besides his general knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, he has had special instructions in each particular branch of the department under his charge. The difficulties incidental to the climate, and the peculiar circumstances under which the work must be done, can be obviated by no amount of preliminary training; in this respect Mr. Bryan is on an equality with the most experienced astronomer who has never worked in the Polar regions, and his own enthusiasm and natural pluck are the best auguries of his success.

Mr. Meyers, the meteorologist, the incompetent "enlisted man" of Dr. Walker, is a member of the corps of observer-sergeants, under the chief signal officer of the army, in which he ranked among the very first in point of ability and attainments. His condemnation by his critic appears not to be based upon any personal knowledge, but seems merely an *a priori* judgment, from the fact of his being an enlisted man. It is unnecessary to explain the *status* of observer-sergeants; there is one in every principal city in the United States, and they are known by their works. There is no reason for fears that this branch of science will be neglected, or that the observations will be vitiated by any incompetency of the observer. Like the others, Mr. Meyers is a volunteer on the expedition, having been detailed in accordance with his own request, for this service, and is an enthusiast both in respect to Arctic exploration and also in the department under his charge.

Besides these regular members of the scientific corps of the expedition, there are two gentlemen on the *Polaris* who are capable of performing the duties of assistant in scientific work, and who, rather than forego the opportunity, have taken the position of common seamen, or rather landsmen, on the vessel. The first of these, Mr. Noah Hayes, is a land surveyor from Indiana, a quiet, unassuming man, whose merits are best shown when work is required; thoroughly inured to hardships and habits of discipline, having served three years in the Union army. Though he shipped before the mast, it is understood that he is to assist Dr. Bessels in his scientific work, and I will venture to predict that he will prove in all respects a most valuable member of the expedition. The other, Mr. Mauch, is a young German, as I understand, the brother of the distinguished German traveller, Dr. Karl Mauch, and himself an accomplished practical chemist. The remainder of the crew are well-selected men, the doubtful characters having been weeded out before the departures from our shores. Few, if any, have had much experience of wintering in the far north; but this, I think, is to be regarded rather as an advantage than otherwise. In support of this opinion we have the authority of at least one experienced Arctic navigator, Sir Edward Belcher, who speaks very decidedly against the practice of selecting men for voyages to the Arctic regions because they have been there before. In the case of the officers it is well enough, and at least the captain should have the advantage of previous experience; but the case is otherwise with the men. Sailors, even the best of them, are proverbially careless and unmindful of hygienic precautions; their occupation is one of continued hardship; their systems are not generally fortified by previous healthful and generous living, and they do not, for the most part, have the *morale*, so to speak, of men in the higher walks

of life. There are, to be sure, some men who seem insensible to hardships, and impregnable to Arctic cold; but these are not sufficiently numerous to justify the hope that they will form any considerable proportion of even a selected crew. Previous records of men's northern experience are very unsafe guides. Many of those who return from one Arctic voyage with vigorous health, and constitution apparently unimpaired, would be among the first to succumb to the hardships and exposures of a second. As a further consideration, old stagers are often inclined to indulge in dismal reminiscences and gloomy vaticinations, which have a very demoralizing effect upon the others. Fresh blood is required for arctic exploration, at least for the greater part.

In all the preparations for the scientific work, the selection of outfit, the obtaining of the same, and in the instruction of his assistants, Dr. Bessels has had the fullest and most hearty coöperation of all the scientific men in Washington; those connected with the various bureaus of the government, and the officers of the Smithsonian Institution. In accordance with the law authorizing the expedition, which directed that its scientific operations should be prescribed by the National Academy of Sciences, a committee of that body was appointed by the President, Professor Henry, which drew up detailed instructions in each of the several departments of science, and these were given to the officers, together with the general directions from the Secretary of the Navy. They comprise instructions in meteorology, by Professor Henry; in astronomy, by Professors Newcomb and Hilgard; in general physics and magnetism, by Professor Hilgard; in natural history, by Professor Baird; in geology, by Professor Meek; and in glacier observations, by Professor Agassiz. Although the principal and main object of the expedition is geographical discovery—and in this it is like all

others, excepting only those in search of Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane—there need be no fears that other departments of scientific research will be neglected. The general orders from the Secretary of the Navy direct that every possible facility be given for fully carrying out the instructions of the National Academy; and the latest words of Captain Hall to the writer, previous to his departure from Washington, were in regard to his intentions in this respect.

Captain Hall's object is to reach the Pole; let us now look at the probabilities of his success. His orders leave the route optional, after passing Cape Dudley Digges, in North Baffin's Bay. His intention at first was to make an attempt by way of Jones's Sound, a route which has as yet been unattempted by arctic explorers. Ingfield and Sherard Osborne, to be sure, sailed up this Sound for a limited distance, and the latter makes a statement to which he gives some credit, of a whaler having penetrated to an estimated distance of one hundred and fifty miles, still finding open water. The route offers the certainty of the exploration of a large extent of coast line, at present totally unknown; but it can hardly be called one which, in the present state of our knowledge, promises well as to the prospect of reaching a high northern latitude. The reverse of this, however, is the case with the Smith's Sound route, which is the one Captain Hall has finally adopted. This, although the one advocated by all the eminent English authorities, may be called pre-eminently the American route, since it is by American expeditions, and by them alone, that it has been attempted and its advantages ascertained. It offers a secure and accessible wintering harbor in a higher northern latitude than any other known locality on the surface of the globe except West Spitzbergen, and it has over that locality the advantage of a line of coast still trending directly northward. If the expedition should find the ice wanting

in the Sound, or in a condition that the vessel could be forced through it, a more northern wintering place than even Spitzbergen affords, might be reached. Captain Sherard Osborne, the great English advocate of this route, gives the statement that the steam whaler *Arctic*, of Dundee, was high up in this Sound in the summer of 1867, and still found open water. Should Captain Hall have the same good fortune, he might perhaps force his ship into the open sea of Morton and Hayes, and even reach the Pole itself. This, however, is scarcely to be expected; the expansion of Peabody Bay, with its thick-ribbed floes, and the great iceberg feeder, the Humboldt glacier, flanking it on the east, will very probably prove an obstacle even to steam power. Sledge travelling is mainly to be depended upon; and it is on account of its advantages in this respect that this is considered the most favorable route. The first requisite is to have stationary ice or comparatively level snow-covered land to travel upon; and this is afforded by the eastern shores of Grinnell Land, with its permanent ice-foot, which we know extends as far as nearly  $83^{\circ}$  north latitude. Many, and I think I may say a majority, of the best Arctic authorities, do believe in the existence of a general open Polar sea, though local patches of open water are admitted. If they are right, it seems highly probable that, in case the land fails to extend to the Pole, the extreme northing may be reached by travelling over the ice-pack. It was in this manner that Parry made his attempt from North Spitzbergen in 1827; and though the ice was all the time rapidly drifting southward, thus cutting down his latitude, he reached a more northern point than any other explorer before or since.

The latest news from the expedition is given by private letters from Captain Buddington and others, at Upernavik, from which place the *Polaris* sailed on September 5th. This does not appear to be too late in the season for the ves-

sel to press northward through Melville Bay, and if the condition of the ice was in any degree as favorable as the reports we have received would indicate, it seems highly probable that Captain Hall reached Port Foulke—where he is probably spending the present winter—very little later than Hayes in 1860. In that year this harbor was open, to all effects, until October, and it does not seem likely that there has been any trouble in securing winter quarters at this point for the present expedition. Of course, if the ice is favorable, Captain Hall has pressed still further north; but this is a possible, rather than a probable, contingency. From this point preliminary operations, such as forming *caches* of provisions in advance, can be carried on, and next spring the grand exploration can be commenced under the most favorable auspices.

Leaving out altogether the element of possible and especially fortunate contingencies, and considering only the facts which comprise our present knowledge of the Polar regions, the Smith's Sound route appears to offer by far the greater number of chances of reaching the Pole. The reasoning in the recent favorable report by Lieutenant Payer, in respect to the open sea east of Spitzbergen—the route now advocated by Dr. Petermann and Captain Bent—does not appear at all conclusive. He found open water nearly as far north as the 79th parallel, more than two degrees south of the point which others reached the same season. These seas have been traversed year after year by scientific expeditions, whalers, and fishermen; and although there are vague traditions of very high latitudes having been reached, there is no authenticated record of any vessel having penetrated farther than  $81^{\circ} 30' N.$  We may expect this to be thoroughly tested, however. There will probably be other private or public German and English expeditions in that direction during the coming summer. In the mean time let us hope,

and I think circumstances will justify the hope, that our American expedition will at least have its share of the honor

of solving the great geographical problem of the age.

*H. M. Bannister.*

## INSTINCT IN ANIMALS

CHARLES DARWIN, in his "Origin of Species," Chapter VII., says: "An action, which we ourselves would require experience to enable us to perform, when performed by an animal, more especially by a very young one, without any experience, and when performed by many individuals in the same way, without their knowing for what purpose it is performed, is usually said to be instinctive." He adds: "I could show that none of these characters of instinct are universal." That is not strange, for few "characters," or better, characteristics, of any object are universal.

Professor B. Jaeger, of the College of New Jersey, describes instinct as "The faculty which belongs to all animals, and by which, from internal impulse and without instruction, they perform certain actions tending to their own support or that of their offspring."\*

Herbert Spencer, in his "Treatise on Education," page 38, says: "While yet in his nurse's arms, the infant, by hiding its face and crying at the sight of a stranger, shows the dawning instinct to obtain safety by flying from that which is unknown and may be dangerous; and when it can walk, the terror which it manifests if an unfamiliar dog comes near, or the screams with which it runs to its mother after any startling sight or sound, shows the instinct further developed."

So the young partridge will bury itself in the leaves of a forest, and

wholly cease chirping, when alarmed; and even though hatched by artificial heat, will show the same instinct. The young chicken exhibits less fear. The oriole hatched in a sparrow's nest will yet build according to the laws of architecture observed by orioles. The young duck hatched by a hen will plunge into the water, the young chicken hatched by a duck will stop at the shore.

Young snapping-turtles will bite as soon as the egg-shell which confines them is broken, and before they leave it. They bite, as it has been said, after they are dead and before they are born.

Who has not heard of the mathematical investigation by which it is proved that out of a given quantity of material, say wax, vessels of uniform thickness to contain the largest quantity of fluid, say honey, must be hexagonal? The honey-bee is a scientific economist and architect, and makes a comb which is a collection of hexagonal cells. "But," says a certain Mr. Teztemeler, before the Entomological Society of England, "round cells pressed together would become hexagonal, and therefore the bee shows no mathematical instinct." But who presses the round cells together? And how are they pressed together uniformly on all sides? And would not building so as, when pressed together, they would be just right, be wise?

Professor Agassiz ("Journey to Brazil," page 118) describes the working of a little coffee-tree insect constructing a cocoon, and attributes the accuracy

\*The "Life of North American Insects," by B. Jaeger, p. 16. New York: Harper & Brothers.

of the lengths of the thread to the length of the insect's body; and then suggests that perhaps the honey-bee cannot help making her wax-cells hexagonal, on account of her bodily structure, and not by instinct. This is only conjecture, and he adds: "Their social organization, too intelligent, it seems, to be the work of any reasoning powers of their own, yet does not appear to be directly connected with their structure." Professor Agassiz recognizes instinct as a great and wonderful and unique power.

The provision of parent animals for their young in many cases simulates a knowledge that cannot have been acquired as human beings learn. This is especially remarkable in those insects which store up food to be eaten by their young in the larva state. The solitary wasp will make a hole and collect a number of grubs, and then deposit with them a few eggs, which will in due time hatch into worms and find just food enough to last them till they shall be developed enough to provide for themselves. Can it be possible that the wasp, in her resurrected state, remembers the good time she had when a worm, feeding on a similar supply of grubs? And has she now a sufficiently noble "disinterested benevolence" to supply a like store for her progeny, whom she is never to see except in the shape of those eggs?

It was formerly thought that instinct is in all cases unimprovable. Voltaire says: "The bird builds her nest, as the stars fill their orbits, by a principle which never changes. Is it man alone that changes?" So Martyn Payne, M.D., an acute and comprehensive writer, says: "Many special peculiarities concur in demonstrating an absolute distinction between the rational mind [of man] and instinct. The latter, for instance, always moves, in each individual species of animal, in a particular, unvarying path, but differently in each species of animal. It never diverges to improve its original endowments, or to add a gain

which it did not possess in its infant condition. It is then nearly as perfect in its operations as at mature age; nor does one generation of animals gain upon its predecessors."\*

This opinion was once undisputed; but of late, exceptions to this law are discerned. Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace has attempted to show that some birds gradually change their habits in building their nests. The author of "The Vestiges of Creation," in his chapter on the "Mental Constitution of Animals," makes the same assertion. "The bee and bird will make modifications in the ordinary forms of their cells and nests when necessity compels them. The alimentiveness of the dog can be pampered up to a kind of epicurism." Perhaps no observer will deny that animals have a mental power that can be educated; but this does not diminish the wonderfulness of their instinctive sagacity, that surpasses the power of man.

Wonderful as instinct is, it is not infallible. It often deceives its subject, and leads him to ruin. The hen will sit upon artificial eggs, or even in an empty nest. Insects will deposit their eggs in substances that seem like their natural *habitat*, though innutritious or even poisonous. If it is a superior intelligence, it still frequently works blindly, and always by general laws.

Darwin and his school endeavor to show that it is "improved habit," though what the beginnings of the habit are, and why it should improve, they fail to explain. This reasoning reminds us of the long-sought "perpetual motion." It considers a complex fact denuded of mystery if it can only be spread sufficiently thin, over a large space or a long time. It is a cheap way to solve a mystery to say that it happened naturally, out of reach and out of sight.

Man often avails himself of the instincts of animals to improve his own knowledge. As Smeaton built Eddy-

\*"The Institutes of Medicine." By Martyn Payne, M.D. Page 123.



stone Lighthouse on the model of the trunk of an oak tree, the best form in nature to resist a force constantly assailing it on all sides, so Dolland formed his achromatic telescope on the model of the human eye. Duhamel built a bridge by letting in a piece of stronger timber for the middle of the under surface, getting his hint from the structure of a shin-bone. These are, however, imitations of inanimate nature, rather than of instincts. But the use of pigeons to carry the mail, both in ancient and modern times, avails itself of the superhuman power of these birds to find their way in calm or storm, without quadrant or compass, over land and water, hundreds of miles, to reach their companions and homes.

Instinct is mental. It leads, when normal, to actions essential to the safety of the animal and the propagation of its species and provision for its young. It never looks higher than that. It always has suggested to the healthy human mind the doctrine of final cause, or a higher superintending Mind; and it always will.

Man has, perhaps, instincts as wonderful as any animal; but in a civilized state they are unnecessary, and therefore dormant, but should occasion require, could again be re-developed. Man is brother to the worm, but also has a new and independent class of mental abilities, in which the animals, mostly dependent on instinct, have no share.

*E. O. Haven.*

### DUKRAH THE DWARF.

*[Adapted from the German of Wilhelm Hauff.]*

**I**N the days when good fairies still lived on the earth, and in an illogical sort of way occasionally righted the wrongs of human kind, there dwelt in the city of Bagdad an inn-keeper, by name Mustapha. He was a stern, matter-of-fact sort of man, and not a little proud of his stalwart frame and handsome face; and it was no small mortification to him that his only son, Dukrah, was a deformed and puny dwarf. Moreover, Dukrah had no aptitude for business, but was fond of looking at the moon, listening to the singing of birds and the murmur of waters, and making foolish reflections thereon in the form of verse. Such being the father and such the son, and there being no mother to be an angel of reconciliation between them, it was no wonder little Duk received what the sailors in the East call "monkey's allowance"—more kicks than coppers.

However, everything earthly, good or bad, must come to an end; and so it came to pass that one fine morning, by the death of his father, little Duk found himself his own master. Although he had little except life for which to thank the stern inn-keeper, he wept for him as for the best of fathers; and when the days of mourning were ended, as Bagdad was no longer pleasing to him, set out to seek his fortune. He travelled many days, meeting with no adventure, and least of all finding the expected good fortune, till his slender stock of money was nearly exhausted. One day, as, footsore and weary, he pursued his way, he saw lying by the roadside a pair of shoes and a walking-stick. The shoes were better than his own, and little Duk put them on; but the walking-stick seemed to him of no good, and he left it lying there. But no sooner had he started again on his

journey, than the stick got up, and in a queer kind of hop, marched steadily along by his side.

Now little Duk had neglected every part of his education except the reading of love-stories and fairy-tales; and so here he at once "saw an elephant,"—which is the way they have in the East of saying he "smelt a rat,"—and knew that here at last was the long-sought good fortune. He was so busy looking at the stick that he had not at first noticed how fast he was walking; but now, when he tried to stop, he found he could not, for his shoes went walking on of themselves, hurrying him on at a pace that terribly fatigued his little body. "Whoa! whoa there!" shouted he, as he had heard the camel-drivers say; and sure enough he stopped at once. The stick stopped too; and taking it in his hand he lay down under a shady hedge. He soon dropped asleep, for he was very tired; and in his dreams the good fairy came to him and said that when he had the shoes on he could run faster than any man in the world, and that if he turned three times round on his heel and wished himself anywhere on earth, he would be there in a minute. She told him, also, that the walking-stick was an old miser, who during his lifetime had buried much money, and was now condemned to live in this shape for a hundred years, and to tap three times on the ground wherever any money was hidden.

Here was good fortune indeed! and just in time—for all his money was gone. Walking along, pondering how he should make use of his new possessions, he came to the outskirts of a large town, and in a beautiful park saw an immense crowd of people assembled. They were shouting and carrying banners, and holding high holiday. He asked a kindly old man what it all meant, and was told that it was King Walabulali's birthday, and that there were going to be games in his honor. "Particularly," said he, "is there to be fine running; for great runners have

come from all the countries in the world, and the king is to select fifty of them for his private messengers and body-runners. In half an hour the running is to begin." "Tell me," said little Duk, "where they start from. I want to run too." At this, the man—though he was a good man, and did not like to make fun of a stranger—could not help laughing aloud. But little Duk persisted, and at last, when many warnings not to make himself laughed at, and the information that the last ten of the runners were to receive fifty bastinadoes each, had failed to alter his desire, the old man took him to the master of the King's house, who had charge of the games.

Little Duk made known his request; but Ali Baba, the chief eunuch, asked him fiercely how he dared to drive him fun with him, and ordered him fifty bastinadoes. But little Duk begged so earnestly to be allowed to run, and promised that if he were among the last ten he would be willing not to be bastinadoed only, but to lose his head, that at last, with many doubts as to what the King would say when he saw this puny little dwarf among the stalwart runners, Ali Baba consented.

And now the runners came to the lists; and although they were all anxious to win the prizes and escape the bastinadoes, scarcely one of them could help laughing or saying something witty at the expense of the silly little dwarf who set himself up for a runner.

When the signal was given, which was done by a beautiful princess dropping a handkerchief, away they all ran. Each of them had a better start than little Duk; but he overtook them, one after another, and reached the winning-post fresh and cool, three minutes before the swiftest of them, hot and panting, got there.

The King was mightily astonished, but still he kept his word, and little Duk became the chief of his messengers. He was soon a great favorite; for he was very faithful, and carried

messages with inconceivable rapidity. But his fellow-servants envied him the King's favor; and this made the good-hearted Dukrah, who loved everybody and wished to be hated by none, very sad. Moreover, he had so little knowledge of the world that he thought he could win their affection by giving them money; so he determined to use his stick, about which, in his happiness in the King's favor, he had almost forgotten.

He had heard the King's father had hidden money during an invasion of his enemies; and so, day by day, he went carefully all over the garden; and sure enough, one day the stick tapped on the ground three times. He marked the spot, and went at night with a spade and pickaxe, and dug, and dug, till at last he came to a big box full of gold, and so heavy that he could not lift it. He filled his pockets and the skirts of his dress so full that except for his magic slippers he could not have moved from the spot, and after covering the spot up again as before, hastened joyfully to his chamber.

"Now," thought he, "they will like me;" and he was very glad. On the morrow he gave them all handsome presents; but to his surprise, though they took his presents, they only hated him the more; and the treasurer, who was just now in a tight place to make up the King's accounts and keep his own pickings concealed, headed a conspiracy to accuse little Duk of having stolen the money from the King's treasury.

The King told them to watch, and if possible catch him in the act. Not long after, little Dukrah's generosity having exhausted his supply, he went again in the night to the buried treasure. His envious fellow-servants came upon him just as he had dug down to the box, and carried him before the King, and said they had caught him in the act of burying money he had stolen. His defense was, that he was digging the treasure not *in*, but *out*—at which bare-faced assertion, the King could not restrain his wrath.

Poor Dukrah was now shut up in prison; and even if his feet had not been too sore from the bastinado, he could not have turned on his heel, for he was fast chained to the wall, and was told that in three days he must die.

On the second day he begged to be taken before the King, thinking it better to live, even without his stick, than to die. He told him how he had found the treasure; and though at first the King would not believe him, after having secretly hidden a piece of money, and seen the stick tap for it, he was convinced. Unluckily, he happened to think about the running, and swore he would only give him life and liberty if he also told him about that. So poor Dukrah was obliged to confess it was all in his slippers, and that any one else could run as fast if he only had them on. But he said nothing of turning three times round and wishing himself away, nor did he tell him how to stop.

The King put them on and ran about till he was tired; but when he wanted to stop, he could not,—and little Duk could not deny himself the small revenge for his bastinadoing and imprisonment, of seeing him run. But he paid dear for this little gratification; for when at last he made the shoes stop, the King was greatly enraged, and said imperiously that though he had promised him life and liberty, he should get out of his kingdom in twelve hours, or be a head shorter. But the slippers and stick he had placed in his royal treasury.

Now little Dukrah was in a sad plight. He trudged along wearily, the more so that for months he had been used to tripping along gayly in the magic slippers; but at last he came to the boundary line, for the Kingdom was not large.

It was now evening, and he was beginning to feel very hungry, for he had tasted nothing since morning. As he was wondering where he should find lodging and supper, he suddenly spied

a fig tree, with fine large figs growing on it. He ate heartily, and then sat down to rest. Shortly after, hearing the rippling of a brook, he went to wash off the dust and sweat of travel, when, to his astonishment and disgust, the brook reflected his head with a large pair of ass's ears on it. He put his hand to his head, and there sure enough were the large fair ears of the patient donkey. This only was wanted to complete his misery. He had fooled away his good fortune, and now to be told of it in this emphatic way by his good fairy, was too hard to bear. Being only a poet, and not a philosopher, he threw himself on the ground and cried. He soon cried himself to sleep, and slept soundly till morning. Then he awoke, and listened to the birds singing, and wondered whether they were mocking him. He listened and listened, and still they seemed to say, "Apples are good! apples are good!" He looked round, and a short distance found an apple tree full of ripe apples. He ate one, and was just going to bite another, when a wasp flew out and stung him on the ear. He put his hand there, and oh, joy! the donkey's ears were gone, and his own were back again.

Here was another ladder to good fortune. He stained his face and hands brown, and then gathered a large basketful of the figs and apples, and set off back to the King's palace. A kind camel-driver gave him a lift on one of his spare camels, and by noon he was sitting among the fruit-sellers at the King's gate.

The King's steward came, as usual, to buy fruit for the King's table, and there was none so fine as little Duk's. He bought all the figs, but would not have any of the apples.

Now, the King was a great glutton, and after dinner, when he saw the fine figs, he was much delighted, and dealt them out carefully with his own hand. Each princess received two, the great lords two, the Sultana four, and he himself kept all the rest. By and by

one of the young princesses said, "My! how funny you look, papa!" And they looked round on each other, and saw they all had donkey's ears; and now they were in great consternation, and the King sent forth and made proclamation, that to any one who could disenchant the Sultana and his family should be given whatsoever he might choose out of the King's treasury. Many physicians came, and gave the King and the princesses many bitter draughts, and burned incense, and scrawled cabalistic characters; but all to no purpose. At last came also little Duk, with his basket of apples, disguised as a foreign doctor. The King would not believe he could be thus cured; but when he saw one of the princesses eat an apple and lose the ugly ears, without waiting to see them tried on anyone else—for he was very selfish, and afraid there were not more than enough apples for himself—he hurried Dukrah into the treasury, and said he might have what he liked if he would only cure him.

Little Duk gave him the apples, and began to walk round to where he saw the stick and slippers, as though he would examine everything before choosing his reward. But he had no sooner got round to the slippers than he stepped into them, and pulling off the big wig and beard, in which he had disguised himself, exclaimed: "I am Dukrah, O wretched King!" turned three times round on his heel, and wished himself in Bagdad.

The King was astonished, and very vexed; but still he consoled himself with the thought that he had at least got the basket of magic apples, and he began to eat. But it was all in vain, for the fig tree was a descendant of a tree that grew in Eden, and if anyone who had acted foolishly ate of it, donkey's ears grew on him, which, however, went away again as soon as he ate an apple, if he had not fallen into a rage and said something impious; but if anyone who had done wickedly ate of it, there was no cure for him;

but he must wear long ears until his death.

Little Duk had grown wise by experience. He told no one in Bagdad about his stick and slippers, but looked quietly round for gold, and with the riches he soon thus acquired, he built a mosque, and an asylum for

the blind; and no poor man ever came to his door and went away unfed, and without a gift of money; so that at last the Caliph made him a Pasha of nine tails, and everybody for a hundred miles round Bagdad spoke the praise of good Pasha Dukrah.

*Theodore West.*

### CONCERNING UMBRELLAS.

THE oldest book that I have been able to see having any mention of the umbrella within its pages, is "Fynes Moryson's Itinerary," printed by John Beale in the year 1617; and I quote the following passage from it:

"In hot regions, to auoide the beames of the sunne, in some places (as in Italy) they carry vmbrels, or things like a little canopy, over their heads; but a learned physician told me that the use of them was dangerous, because they gather the heate into a pyramidall point, and thence cast it down perpendicularly vpon the head, except they know how to carry them for auoiding that danger."

Rare old Ben Jonson refers to them by name in a comedy produced about this same time. In the play "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," by Beaumont and Fletcher, it is also spoken of. In 1630 Michael Drayton refers to them in the following stanza:

"Of dones I haue a dainty paire,  
Which, when you please to take the aier,  
About your head, shall gently houer,  
Your cleere browe from the sunne to couer,  
And with their nimble wings shall fan you  
That neither cold nor heate shall tan you,  
And, like umbrellas, with their feathers  
Sheeld you in all sorts of weathers."

John Collop, M.D., in his "Poesis Rediviva," published in 1656, mentions it: "Each sown vmbrella is, and his own sun." The following passage is taken from the fourth edition of Blout's

"Glossographia," which was published during 1674:

"Umbrello (Italian *ombrella*), a fashion of round and broad fans, wherewith the Indians (and from them our great ones) preserve themselves from the heat of the sun or fire; and hence, any little shadow, fan, or other thing, wherewith the women guard their faces from the sun."

In 1708 there was published a "Dictionarium Anglo-Britanicum," by a man named Kersey, in which is this:

"Umbrella, or umbrello. A kind of broad fan or skreen, commonly us'd by women to shelter them from rain; also a wooden frame cover'd with cloth, to keep off the sun from a window."

In the famous "Tatler," of October 17, 1710, Swift thus sings of them in his well-known description of a city shower:

"Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,  
Threatening with deluge the devoted town;  
To shops, in crowds, the draggled females fly,  
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy;  
The Templar spruce, while every spout's a  
broach,  
Stays till 't is fair, yet seems to call a coach;  
The tucked-up seamstress walks with hasty stride,  
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's  
side."

They are mentioned in Phillips' "New World of Words," seventh edition, 1720. It would appear, judg-

ing from many facts well known to all of us, that womankind has been much alike in every age and every country. We are led to this remark because of the following true statement: For some forty or forty-five years after umbrellas were first introduced, no man was seen with one over his head, and never in his hand, save as he held it over some fair ladie; but there appeared at length a gentleman who dared withstand the ridicule created by carrying an umbrella over his *own* head; and after a short length of time there sprang up, as rapidly and instantaneously as mushrooms, a considerable body of imitators. But to this first venturesome intruder upon the female territory belongs all the credit and honor. This brave man (for he *was* brave) was named Jonas Hanway, who was born at Portsmouth in the year 1712, and died September 5th, 1785. He had travelled — for that time — quite extensively, in Persia and in the East generally, and was in delicate health, although a remarkably handsome man. He was a social reformer and philanthropist, and the founder of the Magdalene Hospital in London. He endured very much unpleasant ridicule because of his encroaching upon the domain of womankind, in thus daring to hoist an umbrella over his own head. Having returned from Persia to London about 1750, he brought with him the umbrella which he had used there. He carried it for nearly thirty years before they were in anything like the common use of our time. There is a portrait of Hanway, with an umbrella over his head, as the frontispiece to his book of travels that was published about the year 1753. In 1752, General Wolfe (who was made a General after this) in writing from Paris, said:

"The people here use umbrellas in hot weather to defend themselves from the sun, and something of the same kind to secure them from snow and rain. I wonder a practice so useful is not introduced in England (where there are such frequent showers), and especially in the

country, where they can be expanded without any inconveniency." It is probable, though, that at this very time they were in some slight use in London, of which fact he would quite likely be ignorant. In Knight's valuable Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences, it is stated that umbrellas "were well known in London a century since." This would be about 1760 or 61; and the statement seems to be borne out by the following note in Haydn's Dictionary of Dates: "For a long while it was not usual for men to carry them without being branded effeminate. At first a single umbrella seems to have been kept at a coffee-house, for extraordinary occasions — lent, as a coach or chair, in a heavy shower, but not commonly carried by the walkers. The "Female Tatler" thus advertises: "The young gentleman belonging to the custom-house, who, in fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella from Wilks's Coffee-house, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's *pattens*!"

As late as 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who wrote his own life, informs us that he had "a fine silk umbrella, which he brought from Spain; but he could not, with any comfort to himself, use it — the people calling out 'Frenchman! why do n't you get a coach?'" The hackney coachmen and the chairmen, with the usual *esprit de corps*, were clamorous against their portentous rival. He says, also, that "At this time there were no umbrellas worn in London, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses, where there was a large one hung in the hall to hold over a lady if it rained, between the door and her carriage." One day when this man was walking with his sister at his side, she was compelled to quit his arm because of the abuse he drew down upon himself and his umbrella! He adds, however, that he "persisted for three months, till they took no further notice of this novelty. Foreigners began to use theirs, and then the English; now it is become a great trade in Lon-



don." If he considered the trade in them "great" at that time, what would he think of it in later years? for according to a writer in Chambers' Cyclopædia, the exports from London alone amount to the value of two hundred thousand pounds; whilst, instead of being effeminate, it is considered a good sign of poverty, or, at least, of improvidence, to be without one. Since the author in the volume just mentioned indited his article, the trade and general business in this commodity has vastly increased, and bids fair yet to do so with every incoming year.

In very many — in fact the majority — of early books, umbrellas are most always described as "portable pent-houses, to carry in a person's hand to screen him from violent rain or heat."

In 1782 Dr. Jamieson introduced it into Glasgow. The one he had was made of heavy wax cloth, with large cane ribs, and was a most ponderous article, we would all think at the present day. He had procured it in Paris, where they were in comparatively common use, and had been for some little time before.

Gay, in his "Trivia, or Art of Walking the Streets of London," published in 1712, thus notices their use by the English:

"Let Persian dames the umbrella's ribs display,  
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;  
Or sweating slaves support the shady load  
When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad—  
Britain in winter only knows its aid,  
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid."

Niebuhr, who visited the southern part of Arabia, tells us that he witnessed a great prince of that region returning from a mosque, preceded by some hundreds of soldiers, and "that he and each of the princes of their numerous family caused a large umbrella to be carried by his side." Samuel Burder, in his "Oriental Customs," published in 1807, refers to it in this manner: "*Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain?* It is usual in the summer season, and upon all occasions, when a large company is

be received, to have the court of the house (which is the middle of an open square) sheltered from the heat of the weather by an umbrella or veil, which, being expanded upon ropes from one side of the parapet-wall to the other, may be folded or unfolded at pleasure. The Psalmist seems to allude to some covering of this kind in that beautiful expression of stretching out the heavens like a curtain."

In the "Himalayan Journals" by Hooker, he says: "The umbrella consists of a large hood much like the ancient boat called a *coracle*, which, being placed over the head, reached to the thighs behind. It is made of platted bamboo, enclosing broad leaves of Phrynium." The first one seen in Bristol, England, was about the year 1780, and was *red*; probably it came from Leghorn, as there was then a large trade between the two places.

In volume 87, page 387, of the "Quarterly Review" (London—1850) is found this rhyme:

"Umbrellas pass of every shade of green;  
And now and then a crimson one is seen—  
Like an umbrella ripened!"

Anyone desiring a full account of the article in all its parts, by referring to Herbert's "Engineers' and Mechanics' Encyclopædia," will find the same.

In the very valuable and interesting volumes of "Notes and Queries," a correspondent says: "In the hall of my father's house at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, there was, when I was a child, the wreck of a very large green umbrella, apparently of Chinese manufacture, brought by my father from Holland somewhere between 1770 and 1780, and, as I have often heard, the first umbrella seen at Stamford. I well remember, also, an amusing description given by the late Mr. Wary (so many years consul at Smyrna), of the astonishment and envy of his mother's neighbors at Sawbridgeworth, in Herts, where his father had a country-house, when he ran home and came back with an umbrella which he

had just brought from Leghorn, to shelter them in the church porch, after the service on one summer Sunday. \* \* \* I conjecture that it occurred not later than 1775 or 1776. As Sawbridgeworth is so near London, it is evident that even there umbrellas were at that time almost unknown."

In the collection of paintings at Woburn Abbey is a full-length portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Bedford, who afterward married the Earl of Jersey, taken about the year 1730. She is represented as attended by a black servant, who holds an open umbrella over her head. In all Eastern countries it has ever been considered as an emblem or indication of royalty; so none need be ashamed to be seen with an old or dilapidated umbrella in their hands—because, the older it is, so much the better—showing quite conclusively the very ancient and royal pedigree of the bearer!

The distinctive appellation of the Mahratta princes, who reigned at Poonah and Sattara, was *Ch' hatra pati*, or "Lord of the umbrella." In Ava, a country adjacent to Siam, the king designates himself, among other numerous titles, as "Lord of the Ebbing and Flowing Tide, King of the White Elephant and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." This last title, though absurd to us, is supposed to relate to twenty-four States or Provinces combined under the rule of this king—the umbrella being specially a royal emblem in Ava.

Loubere, who went to Siam as envoy from the King of France, describes the use of umbrellas as being governed by very curious regulations. Those umbrellas resembling ours are used principally by the officers of state; while those several tiers in height (as if two or more of them were fixed on one stick) are reserved for the king alone.

As late, even, as October 22, 1855, the following was the superscription of a letter addressed by the King of Burmah to the Marquis of Dalhousie, Governor-General of India: "His

Great, Glorious, and Most Excellent Majesty, who reigns over the Kingdom of Thuma-paranta, Tampa-dipa, and all the great umbrella-bearing Chiefs of the Eastern Countries."

Beatino, an Italian herald, says that a vermilion umbrella in a field argent symbolizes dominion.

It was without doubt used by the judges (sitting in the Basilica) at Constantinople, where they were usually carried, as one of the insignia of the judicial office.

In Persepolis, in Persia, are some sculptures supposed to be as early as the time of Alexander the Great; and on one of these is represented a chief or king, over whose head some servants are holding an umbrella. At Takhti-Bostan are other sculptures, one of which is a king witnessing a boar-hunt, attended by an umbrella-bearer.

Recent discoveries at Nineveh show that the umbrella was in use there, it being common to the sculpturings, but always represented open and never shut. The same is to be seen upon the celebrated Hamilton vases preserved in the British Museum. I many Chinese drawings, ladies are represented as attended by servants holding umbrellas over their heads.

In Cowper's "Task," published in 1784, there are two separate references to the "little shadow":

"We bear our shades about us; self-deprived  
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,  
And range an Indian waste without a tree."

And the description of the country girl who dresses above her condition in society, concludes as follows:

"Expect her soon, with foot-boy at her heels,  
No longer blushing for her awkward load,  
Her train and her umbrella all her care."

Pansanias and Hesychius report that at Alea, a city of Arcadia, a feast called "Scieria" was celebrated in honor of Bacchus, in which the statue of the rosy god was carried in procession, crowned with vine-leaves, and placed upon an ornamental litter, in which was seated a young girl carrying an

umbrella, to indicate the majesty of the god. In Morocco it is also the distinguishing sign of sovereignty.

In the churches that were built by the early Christians, or those rebuilt on the foundations of such churches (called basilicas), a large umbrella is generally suspended; and it is said that the cardinal, who may take his title from them, asserts the privilege of having an umbrella held over him in all solemn processions.

"Umbrellas were first made of oiled silk, and when folded were not used as walking-sticks (as now-a-days), but had a ring at the top and a round handle, like a hearth-brush. They were generally carried under the arm, and often slung across the back; the ring served for hanging them up, and occasionally for carrying them."

During 1844 there was published in Paris a small book entitled "*Essai Historique, Anecdotique sur le Parapluie, l'Ombrelle, et la Canne, et sur leur Fabrication, par Rene—Marie—Casal; Fournisseur de L. S. M. La Reine des Français.*" But I regret to say that I have been unable to see this volume, which, I doubt not, contains many interesting and curious facts concerning the subject. In the "Memoirs of the reign of George II.," Horace Walpole, in narrating the punishment of Dr. Shebbeare, for a libel, in 1758, says:

"The man stood in the pillory, having a footman holding an umbrella to keep off the rain."

The same, or rather a continuation of the same case, is found in Burrow's Report as follows: "Proceedings in the Court of King's Bench against Arthur Beardmore, under-sheriff of Middlesex, for contempt of court in remitting part of the sentence on Dr. Shebbeare."

The affidavit produced by the Attorney-General stated: "That the defendant only stood *upon* the platform of the pillory, unconfined and at his

ease, attended by a *servant in livery* (which servant and livery were hired for this occasion only) holding an umbrella over his head all the time."

Mr. Justice Dennison, in pronouncing sentence on Beardmore, did not omit to allude to the umbrella.

Chambers' Cyclopædia says: "As a shade from the sun, the umbrella is of great antiquity. In the sculptures of Egypt, Nineveh, and Persepolis, it is frequently figured, closely resembling the chaise umbrella of the present day. In the East, however, its use seems to have been confined to royalty; but in Greece and Rome it was more extensive. The custom was probably continued in Italy from ancient times; but at the beginning of the seventeenth century the invention appears to have been little, if at all, known in England. \* \* \* They were at first all brought from abroad, chiefly from India, Spain, and France."

Gay, in his "Trivia," already quoted, again refers to the subject in this way:

"Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,  
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;  
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shade,  
Safe through the wet in clinking pattens tread."

A lady, writing quite recently from Edinburgh, describes a novelty in the way of parasols; and I have no doubt that the reader will agree with me in the thought that it would have completely astounded the Londoners who first saw the umbrella (a large parasol) in the hand of Hanway. "It was made entirely of bright green silk, over which were laid peacock's feathers—the eye-feathers of the tail, one over the other—till the whole thing was a glowing mass of coloring. The fringe was the upper part of the feather in a double row, and the whole effect was gorgeous. The handle was carved work, tipped by a tiny peacock in gold and enamel, with gems (sapphires) for eyes. The price was seventy-five dollars; and it was as perishable as it was beautiful."

G. E. Patten.

## THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

## PRESIDENT-MAKING.

THE "off years in politics" are gone ; this is an *in* year, and the party whips begin to give crispiness to the political atmosphere. "Please make haste, gentlemen, you are wanted in your seats." If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, it will soon be folly to use them. A presidential campaign is a discussion with sticks; nobody reasons, everybody lies as hard as ever he can, and the forces are in the nature of clubs. When the war opens, it is presumed that recruiting is over for this time, that the facts of the case and the rhetoric of the statesmen have adjusted voters to their places in opposing ranks. Nothing remains but to see who can make the most noise and demolish the most character.

Ordinarily, the recruiting would go on until the close of the session of Congress, and that would occur in July. But that immense statesman, Mr. Morton, has conceived a plan for abbreviating the agony of himself and his friends by the whole space of sixty days. Congress will, therefore, we suppose, adjourn on the 20th of May, all schoolmasters will be at once mustered out of service, and the drill sergeants will be armed with gads of unusual length and witheness. If one has a word to say of the merits of the case, he must speak quick or be too late to be heard.

The most striking fact in the situation is the absence of any real political issue in the programme of the majority. "It is not safe to trust those fellows; we are the people, and wisdom will die with us," is about all that can be collected from speeches in Congress and leaders in Administration journals. Next in order of importance is the open war made by the Administration upon the Republican party of 1860. The men whose courage, eloquence, and statesmanship furnished the party with the means of its earliest victory, are, with few exceptions, obnoxious to the President, and are

regularly belashed through the columns of his organs; while the party is led by men who first perceived the goodness of the cause when it achieved success, or men always distrusted by the people, supported by a few timid souls deterred by dread of change in political associations from plain political speaking. In short, there are two Republican parties.

The cause of this separation is ostensibly personal. The President has followed most of his predecessors in making his term of office secure his re-election. A man with thirty thousand places in his gift must be a fool if he cannot with them buy the majority of both houses of Congress. "The best civil service in the world," and the multiplication of offices during the war, have brought us to this pass. If there are men in the dominant party who cannot be bought and who cannot approve a San Domingo blunder, it is only necessary to upbraid them with personal "cantankerousness." Several thousand journals in the pay of the Government—in ways that are dark, and through tricks that are vain—will repeat the cry until people believe it. Let no man dare be eminent or wise; we have changed all that. The test is party loyalty; and that means favoring the re-election of the President. On no question have Sumner, Trumbull, Schurz, and their fellow exiles from favor, parted company with the Republican masses. They opposed San Domingo annexation, and it is dead. They favored investigating New York Murphyism, and an investigation was ordered, when the voice of the country thundered a protest against the policy of the Administration. On other issues, the Administration has been forced by public opinion to adopt the policy of the "soreheads"—as they are gracefully styled—and to claim an honest purpose to effect precisely the reforms for the advocacy of which the old leaders have been mercilessly abused. To honest

minds it must be perfectly clear when such facts are considered, that only personal reasons occasion the bitter hostility of the Administration. The whole business tells us plainly that our political life has descended to a lower plane; and that the new and vast enginery of centralization, put into operation since the war, has given power to the ring that controls the vast treasures of the nation to crush the most conspicuous merits and maintain its own ascendancy, until the people awake to a sense of the political duties of an emergency.

The renomination of President Grant and his re-election are foregone conclusions. Who can wage war with thirty thousand placemen and the treasury of the United States? Nevertheless, there are strong reasons for encouraging a vigorous, manly, and rational opposition. The lines for future political parties must be drawn, and the party of the future must lay its foundations and gather its adherents.

It need not be proved that no political principles are put forward by the Administration. The creed of the Republican party as it was is universally accepted. Its ideas have become fundamental law; and this Administration has not been asked to do a day's work in this field. The South remains much as the war left it: prostrated by a long struggle, covered with desolate places, and inhabited by some millions of new citizens without political education. The several evils under which the South groans are subjects for the medicine of time and forgetfulness. No stroke of statesmanship can remove the difficulties or soothe the passions that must play until sleep falls upon a generation. Amnesty will, of course, be granted; the Republican party, so-called, will not leave that for an issue.

The Administration has not put itself into formal language on the questions really before the country; and yet so far as its acts can determine, it has taken its place. The creed of this section of the Republican party is substantially the following:

1. A strong government; that is, centralization.
2. Protection to Home Industry; that is, taxation for the benefit of rich men.
3. The use of political power to promote party ascendancy; that is, Snappism.

4. The control of the judiciary by political manipulation; that is, if the Court decides wrong, add members who will make it decide right.

5. Increase of centralizing agencies; such as Postal—Telegraph, Savings Banks, etc.

Few readers will fail to see how and when the party in power made its record on these points. It may be needful to remind some, that the same week that witnessed the inauguration of the so-called Civil Service Reform at Washington, saw one set of Custom-House officers organizing a Legislature at Albany, and another breaking up one at New Orleans. Whoever believes these principles to be wholesome should support the Administration; whoever denies their soundness ought to find himself another place—if it be only to keep silence on election day. To draw plain party lines is to render it easy for people to keep in their places; to be all things to all men may sometimes serve their salvation, but it cannot come to good in politics. It is to organize hypocrisy into a science, and to fill the land with moral rotteness.

Questions about persons are easily settled when principles are at stake. Horace Greeley will joyfully support President Grant upon a Protective platform, while he will support him languidly on any other.

What ground is there left for an opposition?

1. Strict construction of the Constitution and the maintenance of the legitimate authority of the State governments.

2. The thorough reform of our revenue laws, so as to establish in practice the doctrine that duties shall be levied only for revenue.

3. The independence of the Judiciary.

4. A real Civil Service reform, which shall make it the pride of a citizen to serve his country well; of a Member of Congress to do that which the people elect him to do—make laws.

If the lines are drawn on these issues, we shall all know what to do with our votes. If two conventions, equally national, were to take up these antagonistic positions, we should all be ready to vote in thirty days. President Grant would be chosen for a second term; but the opposition would probably choose his successor.

Both the old parties are dead. The Republican survives in name, as the Democratic long did after the death of its old enemy, the Whig party. The gentlemen who are in power propose to retain the old designation, imitating in this the Democrats of 1860. A mighty stir has been caused by a proposal that the Democrats shall now at last imitate the Whigs of 1856-60, by a passive policy. What they may do is perhaps still open to conjecture; but no course could be more consistent with political decencies or more harmonious with the precedents of our political history. The Whigs of 1856 found some of their ideas in the Republican party, and wisely left others to future adjustment. So the Democrats of 1872 will find in the party to be formed at Cincinnati some of their oldest and best approved doctrines. The new party will be a new instauration of the best parts of Jeffersonian democracy.

The Reform party will, if it come to form, be a reconstruction of the Democratic party as it was before the rise of the Sla-

very question, reinforced by new ideas won from more recent history.

But what if the Cincinnati meeting shall justify the prophecies of its foes, and construct its utterances so as to disguise the real issues, and to gather in the malcontents from all quarters? What if Democrats are asked to resign leadership in the sole interest of victory? What if we are given only the MAN of Philadelphia and the MAN of Cincinnati;—no real basis of ideas being laid down for our election? Then sensible men, who share the views of the supposed opposition, will stay at home on election day and let the fools bruise each other to mutual satisfaction. A political party that contains Horace Greeley and David A. Wells will be about the most unwholesome organization ever formed in this country: it is not enough that these men are personally above suspicion; their union in a new political party would impeach the motives of each; it would impeach the motives of an archangel.

*D. H. Wheeler.*

#### CHANGE OF CREED.

EVERY now and then the community is startled by the defection of some leader of public thought from his chosen creed. Men proudly pointed to by a party as exponents of its principles and examples of its superior formative influences, suddenly renounce those very tenets, deny their efficiency, and go over to the ranks of their opposers.

It is true that "the logic of events" sometimes carries individuals, and even parties, to practical conclusions from which they would once have recoiled with horror. Thus many of us became, almost in spite of ourselves, abolitionists and advocates of negro suffrage, and may yet, in the same way, incredible as it now seems to us, come to favor woman's suffrage. Such changes, however, are only the natural sequence of thought, and come not with observation. It

is the unlooked-for defections that attract attention,—conversions for which no cause is apparent to an inquisitive public.

When such changes take place in a man's political principles, he gets little credit for deep convictions of duty. Political proselytes are so rare, except when motives of aggrandizement or preferment are patent to the most casual observer, that they are usually looked upon with distrust by good men of all parties.

But for changes of religious faith there is more difficulty in assigning causes. It is an incidental proof of the general estimate put upon the purity and highmindedness of the clergy, that their changes of creed seldom subject them to suspicions of unworthy motives. In spite of sensational newspaper items in regard to "clerical rascals," "swindlers," etc., in spite of the Reverend



Chadbands of the fiction writers, and their occasional counterparts in real life, the public seems to be pretty thoroughly convinced of the general uprightness and integrity of the clergy. Though with good natured satire it notes the petty vanity of the popular preacher who courts the crowd with sensational sermons, or seeks notoriety by parading conscientious scruples; though it bars its arrow for the "Pharisee who loves greetings in the market and to be called of men Rabbi, Rabbi," it after all makes charitable allowance for the weakness of the flesh, and silently confesses the power of godliness in the very men whom it satirizes.

Hence it comes to pass that the community is stirred with profound interest, when a man of high position and commanding influence comes before his church with a solemn renunciation of its cherished doctrines. Forthwith, pulpit, press, and parlor begin to put forth speculations and advance theories respecting the probable causes of such an act. The conclusions arrived at are as varied as the prejudices and passions of the eager inquirers.

Whether the curiosity that pries into a man's motives for change of creed is essentially less vulgar than that which busies itself with his household economies, whether the public has any more business with the reckonings of his conscience than with the balancings of his ledger, may admit of argument. It is quite certain that plausible pretexts will be found for investigating both should opportunity offer.

It may be alleged, too, not without show of reason, that the clergy, in assuming the position of teachers and guides of mankind, are in a measure responsible to the public for the character of their teaching. If a minister maintained last year the doctrine of the unity of God, and this year teaches the trinity; if he now proclaims universal salvation, where before he threatened the wrath to come; if he now immerses, where he once sprinkled; or if he denies all outward baptism, and accepts, with the gentle Quaker, the inward cleansing of the Spirit; if the Churchman becomes a Sectarian, or the Anglican goes over to Rome; the public interest requires that he should "give a reason for the [new] faith that is in him."

The least that his former friends and allies can expect of the deserter of their cause is an explanation, a frank statement. He owes it to them to assign just cause for conduct so inexplicable. Has the long-time recipient of their favors a right to quit their patronage?

These attempts at an understanding result, as "explanations" usually do, in greater mystification and misunderstanding, if not in harsh recriminations. No man, however delicately and tenderly he may do it, can give the true reasons for breaking the ties that bind him to friend or church, without speaking unpleasant truths and uttering words that will rankle, perhaps long after they are forgotten by the speaker. But these so-called explanations are not confined to the persons principally interested. Every statement of the convert is caught up by the advocates of the cause he espouses, and used as a fresh proof-text in support of its peculiar doctrines. The history of the Church is ransacked for other shining names to precede his in the long roll of proselytes to which, fortunately for its denominational pride, almost every sect can point. The divisions and dissensions of the Church which he has quitted are freely commented on; the inconsistencies and unscripturalness, not to say the dangerous and infidel tendencies, of its doctrines are fully set forth, and confident predictions are hazarded of its speedy and disgraceful dissolution.

Religious dogmas at once find a prominent place among the topics of the time. Be the convert to Romanism, and you shall hear the horrors of the inquisition, the idolatrous worship of the Virgin Mary, the crafty wiles of Jesuitism, rehearsed from thousands of pulpits, and trumpeted by the Protestant religious, and even the secular, press, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, while the Catholic organs swell high Te Deums over the fresh triumphs of Holy Church and the Blessed Mother of God. Does a Huntington assume the gown and bands, or an Ellis adopt a liturgy, the fact is chronicled among the items of every "Church paper" in the country, as highly significant, and as pointing unmistakably to a not distant future when all worshipping assemblies will, if they do not recognize the

apostolic succession, at least regulate their devotions by the Book of Common Prayer. On the contrary, does a Tyng or a Cheney vary from the prescribed forms but a hair's breadth, and all the "Puritan Recorders" and "Zion's Heralds" hail it as a harbinger of the simplicity of Gospel order. Does a Collyer step from Methodism to Unitarianism, pæans of praise arise at this bold pioneer movement in the direction whither it is fondly believed the whole advancing host of the faithful church militant will speedily follow.

So the wheel turns around. Now it is orthodoxy that is losing its hold upon the people; now it is liberalism that is dying of its own dissensions; now it is close communion that offends the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and now infant baptism that infringes upon the natural rights of the child and puts him in a false position; now it is crosses and candles that corrupt simplicity, and now blank, bare walls that chill devotion. Change and interchange—the process goes on like the perpetual oscillations of the earth on which we tread, sea and land sinking and rising, continent and island shifting around and giving place to ocean and gulf, yet ever keeping the relative proportions in the main unchanged.

The Luthers and Husses and Wycliffes have not uprooted Romanism, or the Cromwells and Miltons and Mathers, Anglicism, or the Wesleys, Calvinism, or the Backuses and Judsons, Pædo-baptism, or the Spurgeons, Close communion, or the Huntingtons and Osgoods and Hepworths, Unitarianism, or Mr. Edward Towne, Orthodoxy.

There is a tendency in the churches, not only to overestimate the *prestige* conferred upon a denomination by a religious proselyte, but also to overrate the man himself. Thus, some men of moderate ability and respectable reputation in their own sect, have, by a transfer to the opposing party, suddenly reached a height of fame utterly unlooked-for by themselves, and quite astonishing to the friends of their first love. It is not improbable that some humble Christians have experienced sore smittings of conscience, and had strong wrestlings with spiritual pride, at seeing themselves thus thrust into places above men naturally

their superiors and better qualified by wisdom and experience to be leaders in Israel. It may be possible, too, that some modest and sensitive spirits are deterred by this very dread of religious lionizing from giving utterance to their honest convictions. The crown of the modern martyr and the *eclat* of a new fellowship would be to these insupportable.

The same (shall we call it morbid?) conscientiousness that holds back some men from confession of a new faith, goads on others of a different cast of mind to bring prematurely to light their struggling convictions and give them a local habitation and a name. These fledglings of orthodoxy or liberalism (as the case may be) might have gone on for years developing before the very eyes of the congregation, wholly unsuspected as of alien birth, had not the scruples of the pastor compelled him to confess their parentage and affiliations. The hated name once spoken, and the magnitude of the heresy excites instant alarm. Forthwith the unfortunate truth-teller finds himself thrust out with his embryonic creed, an object of distrust to zealous of both parties.

Then again a certain happy blindness, a childlike unsuspectingness, the exact opposite of the sensitive introspection and craving for approval just described, sometimes leaves a man alone and out of sympathy in the house of his friends. Too much engrossed with Christian activities to be very attentive to the technicalities of the creeds, clinging almost instinctively to the tenets of the fathers, and scarcely heeding the winds of doctrine that modern philosophers and scientists have set a-blowing, the good man, in some crisis of his spiritual career, casting about for a friendly arm to lean upon, is astonished to find himself almost alone among his brethren. "New men, strange faces, other minds." He scarcely knows whether this great change is in himself or in his brethren.

There are, if we mistake not, insensible changes of creed constantly going on in all our churches. How can it be otherwise? Vitality implies growth, and growth *is* change. Larger experience, broader culture, and above all, practical Christian work with men of differing faiths, must modify

the beliefs of a man, unless he be one of those happy mortals who, as Charles Lamb phrases it, "have no falterings of self-suspicion," who "be they orthodox, have no doubts, be they infidel, have none either."

Upon closer acquaintance each representative of opposing sects finds his brother's heart life "better" (both agree in the term) than his intellectual creed. However contrary to our methods of reasoning and contradictory to our notions of what ought to be, it is nevertheless true that "Christian experience," the inner life of the soul, is pretty much the same, with whatever creed it be joined. In the pious meditations of Fenelon or Jeremy Taylor, in the self-abnegation of Madame Guyon or Mary Ware, in the hymns of Luther, the allegories of Bunyan, the fervors of Wesley, or the inner quiet and stillness of John Woolman, we find, as saith the Scripture, though a difference of "administration," "the same Spirit."

So, as we have before said, the more the churches are brought together in common Christian labor, as in the Christian and Sanitary work of the late War, or in the Relief work and Christian Unions of our cities, the more do they assimilate in habits of thought. If they make no changes in their own creed, they at least come to view their neighbor's creed more charitably. The liberal Puritan loses his horror of stained glass and Christmas wreaths, the liberal Churchman can "tolerate" a prayer without a book and a "chapel" without an altar, the liberal Trinitarian finds to his amazement that the name of Christ is not held in contempt by all Unitarians, and the liberal Unitarian discovers that good morals are accounted of some worth by those who preach "faith without works," the Old School Presbyterian grasps the New School by the hand, and the divorced are once more united.

Shall we thence infer the worthlessness of creeds, the folly of changing them, the impossibility of fixing them? As well infer from the same varieties and modifications of opinions in regard to the sciences of medicine, politics, aesthetics, etc., the uselessness of systems and standards, the folly of forming judgments or opinions concerning them. Shall I, because there

happen to be Allopathists, Homœopathists, Hydropathists, and other pathists, decline all faith in the science of medicine, and refuse to select any one of these systems as my rule of practice?

We may, from the fact that men of equal learning and piety, and professing to be actuated by the purest motives, have arrived at different conclusions in regard to various matters of Christian faith and practice, gain a hint to hold our own views with modesty and charity. We may even suspect the possibility of the existence of heights of observation to which we have not yet climbed, or depths of experience that we have not fathomed, and bear in mind that for finite minds new heights and depths and lengths and breadths of infinite truth will stretch upward and onward and outward through all the eternities.

It would be more creditable to our Christianity if those changes of creed to which the clergy of various faiths feel from time to time impelled, were received with a little less exultation by the gaining party, and a little less reproachful criticism by the losing.

Resorting to the columns of secular newspapers to utter personalities in regard to brother clergymen, or even to set forth the tenets of one's own church is, to say nothing of good taste, neither conducive to charity nor promotive of a more general diffusion of really Christian knowledge. The minister who helps his people most effectually in Christian thinking and living, who "allures to brighter worlds and leads the way," is not as a rule he who meddles much with personalities. If we would analyze the workings of our own minds, and study the springs of our action, we should perhaps find that the sermons which have done us the most good are not those which we have heard in regard to Mr. Hepworth's change of creed, Fisk's career, or Tweed's disgrace. We grant that it is the province of the minister to hold up examples of warning, and point to the retribution that follows evil doing. Still, the principle is the same. Sensational sermons are not the sincere milk of the Word, and do not satisfy the hungry soul.

Changes of creed, except among the clergy, attract little attention now compared with that awakened by them in the good

old times of our ancestors. Differences of faith that would have arrayed in deadly hostility the kindred whose names we trace in the Records of our family Bible, now scarcely ruffle the domestic life of their descendants. The time has gone by when the parent disowns the child that dares question the creed of his ancestors, and when the wife must choose between her husband and the God of her conscience. Is this growing indifference to creeds the offspring of religious apathy, or the child of a

wiser charity? Which is better, the old way or the new?

"I reverence old-time faith and men,  
But God is near us now as then;  
His force of love is still unspent,  
His hate of sin as imminent;  
And still the measure of our needs  
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still struggles in the Age's breast  
With deepening agony of quest  
The old entreaty: 'Art thou He?  
Or look we for the Christ to be?'"

*Sarah L. Bailey.*

#### GREATER BRITAIN.\*

NO one seems to us to divine more truly than Dilke the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Not often has John Bull shown such generous appreciation of his American younger brothers and their ocean-bound heritage in the West.

It is hard to forget such sentences as these: "In all history there is nothing stranger than the narrowness that has led us to see in Canada a piece of England, and in America a hostile country. For purposes of commerce and civilization, America is a truer colony of England than is Canada. There is perfect beauty, wondrous fertility in the lonely steppe [western prairie]. No patriotism, no love of home, can prevent the traveller wishing here to end his days. It is to this continent [of America] that you must come to find the Englishman in the full possession of his powers. When English rural laborers commence to realize the misery of their position, they will find not only America, but Australia also, open to them as a refuge and future home."

In these utterances we hear the ring of an English voice, clear of all insular prejudices. We also hail Dilke as the apostle in our Mother Country of many American ideas. He has followed Lord Bacon's advice, that a traveller prick in some flowers

of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country. Hence his clarion voice thunders in Tory ears truths long unheard, concerning disestablishment alike of Church, Royalty, and Peerage. Yet we are pained to see in his whole-souled work many inaccuracies, unavoidable perhaps, considering the rapidity of his journey, but which we would be glad to find corrected in future editions.

Dilke says (Vol. I., p. 204): "The capital of Nebraska has been fixed at a place two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest settlement." The truth is, that a radius of two hundred and fifty miles from the point fixed on as the capital of Nebraska, would include the capitals of the States of Iowa and Kansas, as well as that of the Territory of Dakota, with nearly half of the State of Missouri, a region inhabited by no less than a million people on the day when the site of the Nebraskan capital was decided on. That capital is only fifty-five miles from Omaha and Nebraska City.

Its site was fixed August 14th, 1867, and on that day there was no spot in the State of Nebraska so much as "two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest settlement." It was fixed within five and thirty miles of the Union Pacific Railroad, which, before the close of that year, had been finished five hundred miles westward of the Nebraskan capital.

\*GREATER BRITAIN: A Record of Travel in English Speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867. By Charles Wentworth Dilke. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Dilke's object was to show that the location of the Nebraskan capital was ill-chosen. But the logic of events proves it to have been well-chosen. That place has already become a railroad centre, having three lines completed, to Omaha, Plattsmouth, and Nebraska City, all on the Missouri River, a fourth line running a hundred miles west, and a fifth connecting it with the south of the State.

Moreover, Lincoln, the Nebraskan capital, stands in the gulf stream of migration westward. This appears, because 22,151 homesteaders and preëmptors, each of them representing a family, if not actual yet prospective, and hoped-for in the near future, have filed claims to farms at its government land-office; while thirteen hundred more actual settlers have lately bought lands in the same capital, of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company.

The land where Lincoln is built was given gratis to the State, to be used as the site of its seat of government. Of that land, eight hundred acres were sold by the State for about four hundred thousand dollars, and in 1871 were assessed for taxation at five hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars—a conventional valuation, less than one-third of their real worth at present.

Sir Charles Dilke left the United States well nigh a year before the location of the capital of Nebraska was fixed. It is hence a curious inquiry where he obtained his information on this subject. Could it have been from the *extravaganzas* of editors who advocated the claims of rival sites?

Again, Dilke remarks (Vol. I., p. 204): "A newspaper appeared suddenly, dated from 'Lincoln City, centre of Nebraska Territory,' but published in reality in Omaha."

But Nebraska had been a State for more than half a year before Lincoln became the capital, or even received its name. How unlikely it is that a State should be called a *Territory*, and that in a paper published in its principal city! The paper which appeared suddenly after Lincoln became the capital, as I am informed by a man who had to do with it from the very first, was never once either printed or published in Omaha. The first number of it was printed

in Nebraska City, but all succeeding numbers were printed in Lincoln itself. There is a file of that paper before me, and its first number is so unlike all the others, that it evidently issued from a different press.

Again, Mr. Dilke greatly underrated the munificence of our Homestead Bill. What manner of boon did he think it? He says (Vol. I., p. 202) that it "allows an occupant, when he has tilled land for five years, to purchase it at one and a quarter dollars an acre." Were this price really charged under the Homestead Bill, all land hunters would have said to the Congress that passed it, "Thank you for nothing." It is more than fifty years since one dollar and a quarter became the standard price of government lands, and besides, as many acres have been sold at this price to non-residents as to occupants. But the Homestead Bill is ten times as generous as Dilke. It charges the settler, at the highest, only twenty-two dollars for one hundred and sixty acres; but usually so much less that homesteads are commonly styled "fourteen dollar farms." Seven pence, then, are not so much less than five shillings, as the real price of a homestead acre falls below what Dilke had imagined it to be.

How true it is that the hand and head cannot say to the foot, We have no need of thee! In the matter of homesteads the parliamentarian might have learned a lesson from the most ignorant of his countrymen he saw on homesteads as he crossed the continent. There must have been some among them even unable to write, yet who, before they turned their backs on Great Britain, had ascertained to a penny how cheaply they could become landlords in our *Greater Britain*.

One would hope that the first page of "Greater Britain" does not strike its key-note, for we there read, "Governor Winthrop fixed the site of Plymouth, Massachusetts." In truth, the site of Plymouth was fixed ten years before Governor Winthrop landed in America. And he never had any more jurisdiction over it than over Montreal. Nor was Plymouth in Massachusetts at all till seventy-two years after its site was fixed.

Dilke speaks of Salt Lake as "*sinking*

year by year" (Vol. I., p. 156). But I was told on the banks by old residents, that farms which they used to till are now always under water; and I learned from Clarence King, the United States officer who had just surveyed it, that Salt Lake has risen twelve feet since twenty years ago, and now covered six hundred square miles more than it then did.

Milwaukee is declared in "Greater Britain" "Norwegiantown," and Chicago "Canadian" (Vol. I., p. 215). But of 18,478 families relieved since the Chicago fire, only *ninety* are Canadian; and of 71,440 inhabitants of Milwaukee, only about 4,000 are Norwegians. Moreover, among more than a million people in the entire State of which Milwaukee is the metropolis, only 40,046 were born in Norway. Besides, of the sixty churches and upwards in Milwaukee, only two, and those among the smallest, are Norwegian. Yet Dilke says: "Milwaukee is a Norwegian town. The houses are narrow and high, the windows are many, with circular tops, ornamented in wood or dark-brown stone, and a heavy wooden cornice crowns the front. The churches have the wooden bulb and spire which are characteristic of the Scandinavian public buildings." He walked through the city of bricks, then, and never saw one of its world-famous *bricks*. He must be twin brother of him who could not see the forest for the trees.

Dilke pronounces the dome of the national Capitol *marble* (Vol. I., p. 32). Every American ought to thank him for this mistake, since that dome is in fact nothing more than *cast-iron*.

But no statement is more astounding than that "on the American [trans-continental railroad] line, there is little coal, if any." In fact, the coal belt on that line is five hundred miles broad. It has given name to two stations—Coalville and Carbon; enough has already been mined, not only to feed the railroad machines, which are all coal-burners, but to supply the needs of all the non-wooded region between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean.

One or two cases of chronological *hysteron proteron* are noticeable, where Mr. Dilke, as Hudibras has it,

"Makes former times shake hands with latter,  
And that which was before come after."

Thus, he says that Governor Gilpin, "after taking an active share in the foundation of Kansas, commanded cavalry in the Mexican War." (Vol. I., p. 98.) The Mexican War ended in 1848, and Kansas was not founded, even as a Territory, until 1854. Such a muddle makes one think of the answer, when it was asked whether Captain Cook was killed on his first or second voyage, which was, that it was on his first voyage, but that he immediately started on his second.

By a similar anachronism, his travelling companion, Dixon, is said to have had a county named after him in Nebraska (Vol. I., p. 115). But according to official documents, Dixon County in that State had been so named for eight years already when Messrs. Dilke and Dixon first saw the Missouri.

I doubt whether authority can be found for such statements as that, while Dilke was in Leavenworth, a man was hanged by a Vigilance Committee in Council Bluffs (Vol. I., p. 205); or that it was *Connecticut* which defeated King Philip (Vol. I., p. 108); or that the Unitarians are very strong in Chicago (Vol. I., p. 265). They have only four churches there, among hundreds, and in a population of 300,000.

But I am half ashamed of these meusing criticisms, for such lapses as I have commented on are only spots on the sun. Many men have been better linguists than Shakespeare, but no one of them could use language so well. In like manner, many British travellers have gained more precise knowledge of multitudinous facts regarding America than Dilke has gained, but no one of that legion has more fully understood or more genially appreciated or more willingly commended that American Union which already contains more English speaking people than any other section of Greater Britain, and which he holds will in sixty years from 1868 be filled with two hundred and fifty millions of Englishmen. Meantime, we bid him Godspeed in his crusade for Americanizing England in the matter of king, lords, and church. A quarter of a century after his first earth-embracing tour, may he again circle the globe, and, at every step, behold his bright prophecies concerning Greater Britain fulfilled!

James D. Butler.



## HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HIS CHURCH.

I HAD never seen Henry Ward Beecher and his Church, so I thought that I must go and have a look at them. A crowd of church-goers—the men in clean shiny collars, shiny gold-studded shirt-fronts, shiny gold-buttoned wristbands, shiny hats and boots, and speckless cloth; the women in very light-colored and very festive attire, with plenty of jewelry and other embellishments, as a rule—soon filled every inch of sitting and standing room in the car; and as we glided on towards Fulton Ferry, I began to think that the New Yorkers were getting to be better church-goers than of old. I found out where they were all going, when, after crossing the ferry in company with another crowd which they found there, they all streamed up the street towards Beecher's Church. After a brisk walk to get ahead of this one, I found three other larger crowds besieging the three front entrances to the church, and the vestibule still more densely thronged with struggling people. Finding myself unpleasantly pushed about by those who were trying to get seats in the body of the house, I gave up the idea of sitting there, and turned towards a staircase near me, up which people were going, but in fewer numbers; and by making use of a certain mysterious "open sesame," which I am not going to divulge to any inquisitive reader, I induced an attentive usher, whom I found there, to pass me into a gallery seat, directly in front of the reading desk. As soon as I had settled myself and taken breath, I looked around me. I could not see a vacant space in the whole building. Above and below, a vast crowd were seated as compactly as possible. A group choked up each of the four doors, of which two are placed at each end of the gallery; and below me I saw these gatherings duplicated at the doors opening on each side of the reading desk, whilst stretching far inside was a vista of heads and upturned faces. And on the floor and on the steps of the platform on which is the reading desk, a number of persons were seated. This throng was repeated at the main entrance of the church in still larger proportions.

Looking at the arrangement of the front seats below, I thought of the pit of a theatre. The seats farther back, under the gallery, made one think of the stalls in some of the Paris theatres; while the tiers of seats rising above each other, in the upper part of the building, were like the upper rows of boxes in an opera house. Then the speaker's platform below carried out the delusion, being a miniature stage with a carved wood desk and an arm chair as "property." From it the speaker can be seen to much better advantage than on the stages of many popular theatres; and the arrangement altogether is excellent. So are the arrangements for lighting the building. They could not be better. The general effect is that of a fine concert chamber, which is favorable. The church is, however, saved from being given over entirely to this effect, by the studied plainness of its finish and a judicious chasteness of decoration. Plain white wood-work, surmounted by the rim of red velvet which cushions the top of the gallery front, runs around it as a sort of wainscoting. The walls are of a pearlsh tint. The reading platform seems covered with green moss; and the dark, heavy, carved front of the organ looms up in the face of the church, being the only bit of dark coloring about the inside of it.

A rustic stand of lovely fresh red and white flowers, nestled amid their own green leaves, was placed on one side of the reading desk. Flowers are the Sabbath thoughts of Nature—therefore the most fitting adornments of the Sabbath house of God.

I thought that there was much less constraint visible in this monster assemblage than one finds in ordinary large churches. The feeling that usually obtains among church-goers—among the women especially—is that during the service the eye of man, as well as of God, is constantly and critically upon them. So one dares not lose one's self for a moment, even in prayer, nor for a moment forget one's surroundings! There is less of this in a very large crowd, where all personalities are more or less levelled down; and less of it at the Plymouth Street Church than in any other that I have ever been in.

While I was turning this matter over in my mind, I became suddenly aware that the minister had entered and was seated in the arm chair before his desk. I had seen only one indifferent picture of him in some years, but there was a something in the free, strong setting back of the fearless head on the independent-looking shoulders, by which I recognized him at once, and which I can only describe as the Beecher look. The face seems to come on you fresh from the free, healthy winds that have been blowing over it, and that the man has been wrestling with; and it is likewise a free, healthy face, indicative of all sorts of soundness and of vital out-come, and with but few traces of nervous suffering upon it. I think I have never seen a countenance and a figure more expressive of that rare blending of physical and mental wholesomeness which go to make Mr. Beecher's individuality so incisive, joined as it is to a certain sturdiness—an old-fashioned sturdiness—which peeps out all over him, from the tip of his combative nose down to his active feet. Without ever having seen him walk, I should fancy that he went along at a half trot, half stride.

This sturdy, wholesome energy, and strong motive power, give his every word, when he wills it, a magnetic ring, and his every gesture a magnetic thrill, which draws his audience irresistibly into rapport with him. I thought, as I looked at him, of a blending of an old Plymouth farmer and an old Plymouth minister—all the stoutness and homeliness of the one, without his commonness; and all the stern intentness of the other, without his narrowness. In the stead of these, a free fearlessness of mind which questions the universe; and a soul so unspoiled as to be able to rightly interpret its replies. And he has another new element in which his blended prototypes were deficient: a sanguine, alert hopefulness, born of harmony between his mental and physical nature.

I saw only the latent power, till he got the kernel of his subject well out of its husk; but he raises his voice as he goes on, and you have a chance of appreciating his forcible and fascinating, but perfectly natural, style of gesture. He just reaches without overstepping the boundary where the

oratorical merges into the theatrical. In point of gesture, his manner is the best I have seen out of South Italy, where the people excel in natural and expressive pantomime. Mr. Beecher's popularity depends partly on his superiority in this off-set to eloquence of voice. Physical elasticity, a mental glow, and a perfect command of the nervous forces, are necessary to graceful and eloquent gesticulation; and without appropriate and agreeable gestures, a public speaker loses half his hold upon a crowd. It is a painful ordeal, which spoils the hearing of the best conceived speech in the world, to see a man making little, peevish, contracted, or spiteful motions with his limbs and body, or jerking himself about in a spasmodic manner, or indulging in lifeless, monotonous flourishes, while he is talking of great things. And nowhere do we see this oftener than in our own country.

About Mr. Beecher there is no feverish excitement, no impatient essays at working up a subject. \* \* Just here I began to feel as if I were seated under a receiver from which all the air had been exhausted. My head was heavy and my breathing stifled. I looked around, and saw that of the ranges of windows on either side of the church, some had the upper sashes drawn down about a foot, and that the entrance doors were open though choked up by the crowd. And this was all the inlet afforded to the outer air for the lungs of three thousand people and more, in October! I felt seriously inclined to strike for oxygen, but that Mr. Beecher held me as the Ancient Mariner did the Wedding Guest. I have an old quarrel with churches and sextons on this same subject of ventilation. I had ceased to look for any improvement elsewhere, but here, where so many innovations founded on common sense had been introduced, I did expect to find the laws of hygiene more closely consulted. It is horrible to convert God's audience chamber into a torture room—for such you make it when you pack three thousand persons closely together, and only allow them fresh air enough for one hundred. And then people cannot think why they feel so badly in church. They reproach themselves for their dullness and drowsiness, and imagine that they are wicked when they are only

asphyxiated! The injury resulting to the health of delicate persons in this way is often serious.

I have no doubt some people will be greatly shocked to know that my mind was indulging in all these rambling reflections — these profane vagaries — during sermon time. But I went to study Mr. Beecher, his church, and his surroundings, and not to take notes of his sermon; and towards the end of the service, my thoughts wandered away again to a material subject.

Now, thought I, if on some day or night when this church is crowded as it is now, there should arise a cry of fire within these walls, what would happen? There are three doors — not wide in proportion to the size of the building — which constitute the only outlets for all practical purposes. I suppose there are other outlets in the rear of the building, but these are not the ones towards which a panic-stricken crowd would certainly rush. No, the front entrances would suggest themselves simultaneously to the minds of all but the *habitues* of the church. Think of the dense throng in the gallery choking up the four narrow doors that open out upon the staircases — crowding headlong upon each other down the stairs, and swelling and damming up the living, struggling stream pouring out of the main body of the church below, into the narrow vestibule at the entrance! Imagine this impatient crowd dividing itself into three currents, setting

towards those three narrow outlets, their sole means of bodily salvation, and over a thousand people to be disgorged through each of them in the shortest possible space of time, and their outgoing impeded by the throng around the doors! You need not tell me that a fire seldom happens in a church. That is not at all to the point. A false alarm of fire may be raised at any moment, in any public building; and in such a case as this, the panic would be likely to do as much mischief as the reality, — as in the Manchester mishap in 1868, where a hundred persons were crushed or trodden to death in the confusion induced by a false cry of fire, in a building where the means of egress were insufficient; but no more insufficient in proportion to the number of people than those provided by the Plymouth Street Church.

I had time to think over all this while waiting for the crowd before me to thin somewhat. And even in going out with all the rapidity consistent with decorum, it took a long time to empty the house. If the three main doors were arranged so that the whole front of the church could be thrown open at a moment's notice, the provisions for such an emergency as I have spoken of would not be at all too bountiful.

But we can hear only one Beecher. Therefore, in defiance of bad air and of insufficient means of egress, people will continue to crowd to hear him.

Howard Glyndon.

#### THE "LADIES' CAR" HUMBUG.

THAT ancient and venerable abomination cleft the "Ladies' Car" has not yet entirely passed out of existence. There are still a few railroad managements so far behind the rest of mankind in the march of progress, as not to have yet discovered that an institution, established from the seeming necessity of the rough war-times, not only has accomplished its mission, but was, even in its inception, based upon a false principle, and opposed to every truth of human nature. To be sure, at a

time when every train was more or less sprinkled with soldiers *en route* to or from their regiments, among almost every squad of whom there were, unfortunately, some black sheep who would drink whiskey at every stopping-place, and, in consequence, between stations offend noses polite with the fumes of vile liquor and worse tobacco, and ears polite with language not the choicest, to assign a special car to ladies and their escorts, and turn a key between these noses and ears polite and their offenders,

seemed the most obvious remedy for such evils. Yet the result by no means justified the expectation. For the fact seemed forgotten that there are boors among civilians as well as among soldiers, and that these boors, whether civil or military, if only accompanied by their Samantha Janes, must necessarily be admitted to the "Ladies' Car," where they were quite as likely by their uncouth manners to prove offensive to the refined as the unattended soldier in a car where ladies were mingled among the passengers; and that this class, proportionately as often as any other, travel in company with their wives, daughters, and sisters. Moreover, tobacco-chewers and whiskey-drinkers as often travel in female company as non-consumers of those commodities.

The fact is, the presence of woman is a humanizer. In her absence, men are prone to neglect those amenities of social intercourse, those little niceties of demeanor, which her presence enjoins, and, particularly in travel, where each is expected to look out for number one, to become coarse, careless, and unmindful of the tastes and comfort of others. A promiscuous assemblage of males is proverbially unclean, and it is only the presence of the other sex, softening and restraining the brute instincts of mankind, that renders our passenger cars endurable. This influence is felt to a certain extent, by even the lowest and most abandoned; rowdies and roughs, however depraved, are affected by a certain feeling of shame at unseemly behavior in the presence of ladies. Hence the result of excluding those without female company from the ladies' car was, as might have been expect-

ed, to reduce all the other cars of the train to a condition little better than that of a respectable pig-sty; while the condition of the ladies' car itself was in no whit improved thereby, nor rendered any more respectable than that of all the cars—if we except only the smoking car—in a train where the exclusion did not prevail. In a word, on the exclusive system there is but one ladies' car in the train, and all the rest are *pens*; on the non-exclusive system *all* the cars, except the smoking car, are ladies' cars.

Again, such a system is a rank injustice to a large class of cultivated and refined travellers, whose greatest misfortune is in being compelled to travel minus a female appendage. Excluded from the only decent car, they are forced to ride in a carriage filthy and offensive in the extreme, in an atmosphere reeking with nauseating odors, while the veriest drab, or the most brutal rough who chances to be accompanied by his mate, enjoys all the comfort and cleanliness which he may perhaps not be capable of appreciating, and of which his betters are deprived. For in this democratic land, the line cannot be drawn between the cultivated and the boor—the clean and the unclean—but only upon the basis of sex. The "Ladies' Car" was a mistaken idea, as well in the war times as in these days of peace. It is a relic of barbarism which has nearly died out, from its own inconsistency with the ordinary principles of humanity; and we trust the day is not far distant when every vestige of it will have disappeared.

*Egbert Phelps.*

## BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

AT LAST: A Christmas in the West Indies.  
By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. New  
York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs  
& Co., Chicago.)

It is a standing joke in certain English circles, that no human being can ever hope to be quite as wise as Lord Malmesbury looks to be. But whether this saying is psychologically and physiologically applicable or not, it is certain that many people who look much less wise are far better versed in English grammar than his lordship. The despatches which he indited while British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, displayed a wisdom so obscured by bad grammar and faulty syntax that the unlettered public was often no less puzzled than amused by them. At the same time, it may perhaps be urged in extenuation that this shortcoming has always been a hereditary family failing with the Tory politicians of England. All the examples which Cobbett cites in his "Grammar for the People" to show what errors should be avoided by the learner, are exclusively culled from the Speeches from the Throne and other State papers inspired by Tory ministers, and he especially selects such among them as enjoy a classical reputation. Lord Malmesbury, it is true, bears no such reputation, even if there is no lack of Latin quotations in his speeches and the pamphlets published under his name. The didactic tone which he employs on public occasions to inculcate truths that none care to dispute, proves, however, how widely his own estimate of his intellectual capacities differs from that of the majority. Thus, in an address delivered by him the other day, before his county Agricultural Society, he set out with this truism: "Human nature is weak and subject to error"—an axiom which the champions of Infallibility alone will, perhaps, be inclined to controvert. Still, the conclusions which both parties draw from these premises are the same, though they reach them by different processes of reasoning. The Infallibilist says that, because the Pope is infallible, and all other men are liable to error, we should surrender our

reason, convictions, and independence to his authority. Lord Malmesbury says, or rather takes it for granted, that because all men are weak and subject to error, we should be led to the fountain of truth by one that is infallible, and that man is he. Here we have such a distinction without a difference, that there is hardly a choice between the Infallibilist and the lord. But the tenants and squires of the Agricultural Society no doubt listened with devout faith to the oracular utterances of their president. They no doubt as implicitly believed his assertion that the revolutionary godlessness of the times was altogether owing to the circumstance that people no longer read history. After denouncing those agitators who are now lifting their impious hands against the House of Peers, he therefore implored his hearers to read and study English history—in the Malmesbury sense, of course; for otherwise this human proneness to error might lead them to infer from history that a hereditary chamber has really outlived its usefulness.

But Lord Malmesbury's refreshing trust in history is, unfortunately, not shared by a man who was especially called and salaried to honor and popularize its study in England—the Rev. Charles Kingsley. By one of the many University reform acts which have become a stereotyped feature of British legislation since 1833, and which have at last grown to be so numerous that the desired reform is completely lost sight of, the University of Cambridge was compelled, sorely against the will of its Dons, to establish a chair for modern history. It is said that, to signify their disapproval of this interference and of the whole series of reform acts, the reverent and pious guardians of *Alma Mater* selected for their first professor an individual whom they knew to be unfit for the place. Indeed, their choice hardly admits of a more charitable construction than this: for Mr. Kingsley, a well-endowed country clergyman, who used to season the enjoyment of a fat benefice by charitable orthodoxy and belletristic romance, had certainly written many

novels and a few theological essays; but not even his most enthusiastic admirers would have called him a historian. In truth, we have Mr. Kingsley's own confession that his historical studies began and ended with his professorship.

As a romancer, Mr. Kingsley exerted at one time a by no means insignificant, if transient, influence over English literature and the English public. But his novelistic laurels soon withered. He was gradually forced to take a back seat, partly by more sensational writers, partly by the pregnant events of the period, and partly by that history itself which he confessedly detests. Yet for a quarter of a century he occupied a prominent place in English letters; not merely as the author of "Westward Ho!" "Hypatia," "Two Years Ago," "The Water Babies," and other popular books, but as the founder of a school which made the romantic glorification of muscular Christianity its specialty. It was the hero-worship of Carlyle, bounded by the rules of British Christianity, poetized by the magic of brute strength—the Carlylean hero in the cassock of the priest. The ideal hero of the poets and theologians who drew their inspiration from Eversley Rectory, was the muscular Christian, with sledge-hammer fists and irreproachable catechismal reminiscences, equally at home in the saddle and the Bible,—a mighty hunter before the Lord, and an eloquent expounder of dogmatic problems to impressionable young ladies; usually a young curate, with long dark hair and large melancholy eyes, deep chest and huge limbs, who would thrash, on his way to church, a set of bucolic ruffians into a wholesome state of orthodox meekness, then slip on the surplice, bound into the pulpit, run his muscular white hand through the masses of his dark hair, and electrify the congregation with a fervid burst of eloquence. This muscular curate of the Kingsley school, it is hardly necessary to add, after he had passed through two volumes of thrilling adventures, would always be rewarded in the third, for his athletic and theological achievements, with the hand of the richest heiress in the county, and a lucrative benefice.

This school is no more, or has so com-

pletely lost its hold on English literature that it now possesses only a purely literary interest. The heroic curate, who was once the principal character of the novel, and committed such havoc among the female hearts of the real world, has lost his fascination for the reader of fiction, having been superseded by heroes of a less harmless kind. Out of sheer disgust, some of the muscular Christians have gone over to the sensationists, and conformed to the capricious tastes of the day; an example which their master himself disdains to follow. He and his brother, Henry Kingsley, whose romances are of the same class, and betray rare narrative powers, still stand firmly by their colors. But though muscular Christianity is out of fashion, it would be unfair to deny that it was justified as a reaction against the mysticism imported from Germany, and the cant which it was not necessary to import, and from both of which it purified English literature and society. This school naturally opened the door to exaggeration, and was even caricatured by certain imitators. In the hands of Charles Kingsley, however, it preserved always its originally attractive poetical form. The author of "Westward Ho!" and "At Last," is gifted with fine powers of observation, a decided genius for painting nature, and a brilliant imagination, which revels in the wonders of the tropics—traits which amply compensate us for his whims and hobby-horses.

Charles Kingsley is a poet; nor was he anything more when the soured *Senatus Academicus* suddenly made him a historian and placed him in the professorial chair. Strange to say, the suspicion that he might not be adapted for a post so entirely at variance with his life-long pursuits, tastes, habits, and character, never seems to have caused him a moment's uneasiness. When writing fiction, the words came to him readily enough; he was able, without long preparation or serious study, to make a witty dinner speech, and preach an eloquent sermon; why, then, should he not be able to reason, write, and talk, as readily and well on historical subjects? He felt, therefore, not the slightest hesitation in accepting the tendered position, and began his studies (or what such a man would call



his studies) and his lectures at one and the same time. It is very characteristic of Kingsley that he should have selected Carlyle for his teacher and guide; not only because the latter's hero-worship harmonized best with muscular Christianity, but because the stylistic gymnastics of Carlyle's historical philosophy offered no insurmountable obstacles to such a clever stylist as he felt himself to be.

But he was to learn better. The words no longer came to him so easily; and though his lectures were perhaps well enough for the Cambridge-undergraduates, they would not content the critical outside world, which indulged in disparaging remarks about the professor who had learnt nothing of history and had forgotten all his romance. To save his reputation and to confound his critics, he deemed it at last necessary to make an extraordinary exertion, and to publish the fruits of his historical researches, in the "*Ancien Régime*," a volume of moderate size. But it may be boldly asserted that the whole work contains not a single fact based on independent inquiry; not one original reflection or theory. All its facts, ideas, pragmatism, and ratiocination, were taken from Carlyle and de Tocqueville, and became Kingsley's only in those few cases where he had misconceived his authorities. The deductions which he drew from his compilation are, however, unmistakably his own, for they contravene all that Carlyle and de Tocqueville have inferred from the same arguments and facts. Mr. Kingsley closes with the gloomy prophecy that the whole world is going to the bad, except England, whose aristocracy has been strengthened by the new reform act, and whom a salutary church government shields against the forces which undermine the other political systems of the Old World. Carlyle, *per contra*, always places England at the head of the nations which are going to the bad, and can see nothing good in the State Church; while de Tocqueville, as every child knows, has an abiding faith in the future through the saving grace of a democracy purified and consolidated by bitter trials.

Historical criticism is evidently not the forte of poets, great or small. Kingsley himself had ultimately to recognize that he

was out of his sphere at Cambridge, and to resign his post. He was, however, not displeased with himself, but with history. It was not he who had unworthily represented historical science, but history was unworthy to be represented by him. He was all right; but history was all wrong. In a recent public lecture, he summed up the total of his learned experiences at Cambridge, and the cause of his resignation. When forced by his position to an independent investigation of history, he discovered it to be so full of lies that he abandoned his chair in disgust, and vowed to have nothing more to do with such a tissue of falsehoods. He resolved never again to trouble his head with these things, if he could possibly help it. It is hardly possible to conceive a more comical end to a historical university professorship than Kingsley's. For ten whole years he had stood before the learned world as the representative of historical wisdom at one of the great English universities. For ten successive years he had pretended to imbue the flower of the British youth with the spirit of history; to inspire them with a love of liberty and country. All at once he shuts up the book, flings it at the heads of his hearers, and turns his back upon them with the peevish declaration that history is all a humbug, a lie, and a pretence! What must have been the feelings of Lord Malmesbury, the profound judge and oracular exponent of historical truth, when he heard this blasphemy?

Happily freed from the wiles and snares of this treacherous science, Mr. Kingsley lost no time in flying back to the arms of his old love, and in consoling himself with a pilgrimage to the land of his cherished fancies. History happened to be at that moment in such gigantic birth-throes that its frightened apostate could think of nothing else than to run away. In December of the memorable year 1870, while the whole world waited with bated breath for the development of the grand historical drama which was being enacted in France — while historical justice asserted its disputed rights in colossal catastrophies, and shivered the hypocritical lie, the boastful pretence, with pitiless blows — the Rev. Charles Kingsley cried "Westward Ho!" and sailed in a

swift steamer for the West Indies. There he buried himself, after a brief cruise in the Caribbean Sea, on the island of Trinidad; and the result is the book whose title appears at the head of this notice.

For forty weary years the author had dreamed, sang, and written of the marvels of this lovely insular world, without ever having been permitted to set foot on the soil of the promised land of his fancy. Nearly all his heroes had—for shorter or longer periods—been made pious, strong and happy men by bathing and conquering in this earthly paradise. What could, therefore, have been more natural than that he should have longed, in the evening of his life, to convince himself by personal observation how far the scenes so often described by him corresponded with his poetic conceptions? and it was beautiful Trinidad which eventually set the seal of truth upon these gorgeous visions. There he found all things exactly as he had imagined and described them in his youth—a terrestrial Eden, in perfect keeping with the canons of the Eversleyan poetry and theology. He sat there in the tropical forest, where the crash of the falling trees resembled the voice of God; a solemn tone that pursues him who has heard it once, forever. There he discovered, among the planters and traders, a still unalloyed muscular Christendom; there he met, in the fantastic, good-natured negro population, which lives in poetical indolence, that picturesque substratum which the muscular Christian hero needs to attain his full growth. All these were precisely as they had appeared to his romantic vision in the quiet rectory at Eversley. In his delight that no battle-cry, no discordant tone, from the blood-stained fields of the world's history, reached his ear through the surf of the purple seas which enclose the flowery island, he was supremely happy, and poured the rose-color which involuntarily overflows from his surcharged heart, with lavish hands over everything he saw and described. That other travellers should see just the opposite of a paradise in the decayed and impoverished West India Islands, that the cries for help which incessantly resound through the Blue-Books from the white people in this former Eden of slavery,

should tell a different tale, did not mar his enjoyment in the least. Those were miserable perversions of history, of whose worthlessness his professional experiences at Cambridge had fully convinced him. All is admirable, perfect; and if there is occasionally something that will not entirely square with the Eversley standard, he turns and twists so long ideally and stylistically, that the difficulty is got over.

This enthusiastic admirer of the West Indies seems to have been charged with a confidential government mission. Ill-disposed persons had spread from time to time slanderous statements about the condition of the coolies imported from India and China to replace the picturesque negroes on the plantations, and had gone so far in their malice as to assert that this new form of human slavery was even worse than the old. Mr. Kingsley was therefore instructed by Her Majesty's government to employ a portion of his pleasure-journeys in getting up a truthful report on the condition and treatment of the Asiatics. But if the ministers were really sincere in their philanthropic solicitude, they were hardly more happy in their selection of a commissioner than the Cambridge authorities had been in theirs of a professor of modern history. Mr. Kingsley only describes what his own eyes see, or imagine they see, through the rose-colored spectacles of optimism. He speaks, therefore, only of Trinidad; but if the *pars pro toto* is a permissible figure of speech, his observations must be understood as applying to the whole archipelago. At Trinidad the coolies are excellently treated. Government inspectors, missionaries, and planters, all fairly rival each other in making their sojourn an endless joy. These poor heathens can no longer sigh for Nirwana. The Christian Eden in which they live can leave them nothing to desire. Mr. Kingsley has no doubt that these poor Asiatics will soon be as good and pious as the blacks who cultivated the Lord's vineyard before them. In spite of this, he concedes, however, afterwards, that some of the latter are very superstitious and ignorant.

But, with all these foibles, Charles Kingsley is a man of many excellent parts. His "At Last" is an anachronism, like himself, but presents all the faults and

virtues of the Eversleyan muse, which almost obliterates the former by the beauty of its magnificent descriptions of nature.

**LORD BANTAM; A Satire.** By the Author of "Ginx's Baby." Author's edition. New York: George Routledge & Sons. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

This "Satire" is connected with the more successful Ginx by the motto,

"I had forgot one half, I do protest,  
And now am sent again to speak the rest."

Ginx's *proletaire* and Lord Bantam were both babies once, and as they are the two ends of England, it is well enough to recount their history. We do not precisely perceive the "satire." John Dryden would not have known it by that name. That the two ends of England are too far apart, is not new; if Lord Bantam helped to draw them together, or seemed likely to do so, the book might be pleasant reading. The lesson of it, however, if there is one, is that all attempts to level proceed by hypocrisies above, impotent wraths below, and a general confusion of purposes that defeat each other. In both books the author misses the main question, and so leaves us hopeless. Dickens made as true a diagnosis, and inspired hopeful effort to reform, which has had beneficent issue. We even doubt whether the author of "Ginx's Baby" has comprehended the real difficulty in that child's case—that is to say, Ginx himself. The education which people receive before they are born is too stubborn a thing for our novelists; else Dickens would have cured England of *proletaires*.

**ROUND THE WORLD; Including a Residence in Victoria and a Journey by Rail Across North America.** By a Boy. Edited by Samuel Smiles, author of "Character," "Self Help," "Life of the Stevensons," etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

This business of juvenile books is getting serious; if the boys take to writing them we shall soon want a big fire to rid us of an insupportable burden. Not that the books will be worse than the men and women produce for boyish delectation: that could not well be. But there may be too much of a good thing. We have speculated

about this juvenile book-making after this fashion: What chance would Robinson Crusoe have had in the world, if De Foe had made him on purpose for boys? What chance would De Foe have had to be heard of in this day, if juvenile books had abounded two hundred years ago as they now abound? What would have become of mankind, if for two centuries it had been making books for young people at the present rate?

The present book is of the boy's kind; that is, it deals with strange countries and odd experiences—all the things that the average boy never sees are seen and handled by young Smiles. He went into out-of-the-way places, and roughed it as boys love to do, and a spice of danger now and then made him happy—when it was over—as is the custom at sixteen. It falls in with our notions of probabilities that the boy did not write a book on purpose; it grew, the book did, out of letters written home and a log kept on sea voyages. So it is really a boy's best report of what he sees and feels, made good because not spoiled by obtrusive self-consciousness. A sensible father edited the work in a sensible way, and the result is a charming book worth a hundred of the popular juvenile works.

The sensible father must have presided over the cram displayed in working up Chicago; but the hotel "tout" who showed the lad over the city as it was, must have impressed the boy's imagination. For example, he says: "In one street I passed a huge pile of dead pigs in front of a sausage shop. They go in pigs and come out sausages." If we could only have that boy's faith, how much happier we might be!

We notice some English that we had supposed to be Southwest American. For instance, "Every one takes ice in their water in winter as well as in summer." Perhaps the lad picked it up somewhere "round the world."

**WHEN AND HOW; or a Collection of the More Recent Facts and Ideas upon Raising Healthy Children.** By Dan Newcomb, M.D. Chicago: Arthur W. Penny & Co.

This is a plain, sensible book upon the

most important question of the time. It ought to be read by everybody, especially by young mothers. We know a mourning Rachel whose deepest sorrow is that she did not know how to take care of her first born; and she has many sisters. There are other and deeper questions concerned in the business of providing our successors with healthy bodies, and Dr. Newcomb's book will help plain people, who are willing to be guided by common sense in the production and rearing of offspring.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

**PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SOUL AND INSTINCT AS DISTINGUISHED FROM MATERIALISM.** With Supplementary Demonstrations of the Divine Communication of the Narratives of Creation and the Flood. By Martyn Payne, A.M., M.D., LL.D., Professor in the Medical Department of the University of New York; author of "The Institutes of Medicine," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**CHICAGO AND THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION.** By Elias Colbert and Everett Chamberlin. With Numerous Illustrations, by Chapin & Gulick, from Photographic Views taken on the spot. Cincinnati and New York: C. F. Vent. (J. S. Goodman & Co., Chicago.)

**PLEASURE: A Holiday Book of Prose and Verse.** New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**WATER AND LAND.** By Jacob Abbott, author of "Marco Paul Series," "The Franconia Stories," "Abbott's Illustrated Histories," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**BORDER REMINISCENCES.** By Randolph B. Marcy, U. S. Army, author of "The Prairie Traveller," "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**DAVID COPPERFIELD.** By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by George Cruikshank, John Leach, and H. K. Browne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**THE AMERICAN BARON.** By James DeMille, author of "The Dodge Club," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE RAILROAD AND WAREHOUSE COMMISSION OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.** For the Year ending November 30th, 1871. Springfield: Illinois Journal Printing Office.

**FAIR TO SEE.** A Novel. By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart. New York: The American News Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**BLADE O' GRASS.** By B. L. Farjeon, author of "Joshua Marvel," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

**PATTY.** A Novel. By Katherine S. Macquoid, author of "Rookstone." New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)